THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXII—No. 1458

NOVEMBER 25, 1931

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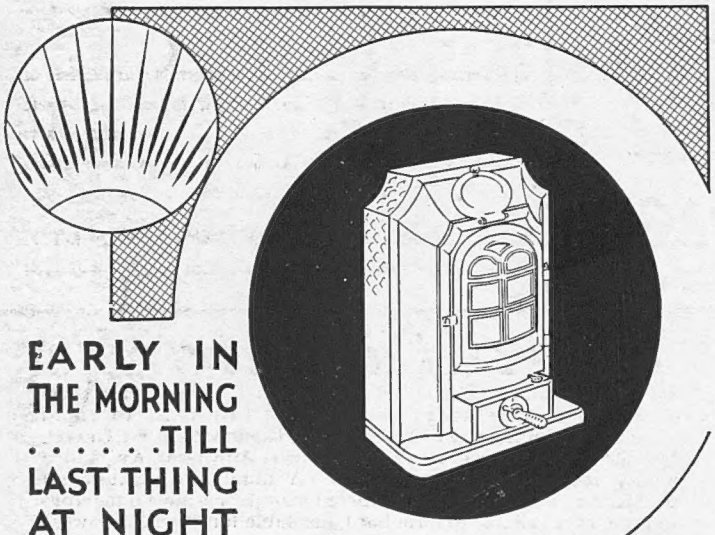

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GRAPHIC

CHRISTMAS

NUMBER

Also excellent stories by such writers as **ERIC LINKLATER, A. J. CRONIN,** and **TEMPLE THURSTON;** amusing poems by **A. P. HERBERT** and **J. C. SQUIRE;** and many beautiful colour pages by **ANNA ZINKEISEN, LEON BAKST, Sir WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN,** and other artists of note.

Many prizes for
A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

The Bystander, November 25, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1458. Vol. CXII.

Dorothy Wilding

MRS. EDWARD BARON

A recent portrait of one of the most attractive Society hostesses, whose collection of jewels is world famous. Her husband is a director of the famous tobacco firm of Carreras, of which Sir Louis Baron is Chairman and Managing Director

ACTIVE ON BEHALF OF CHARITY

Yvonne Gregory

MISS JEAN HAY

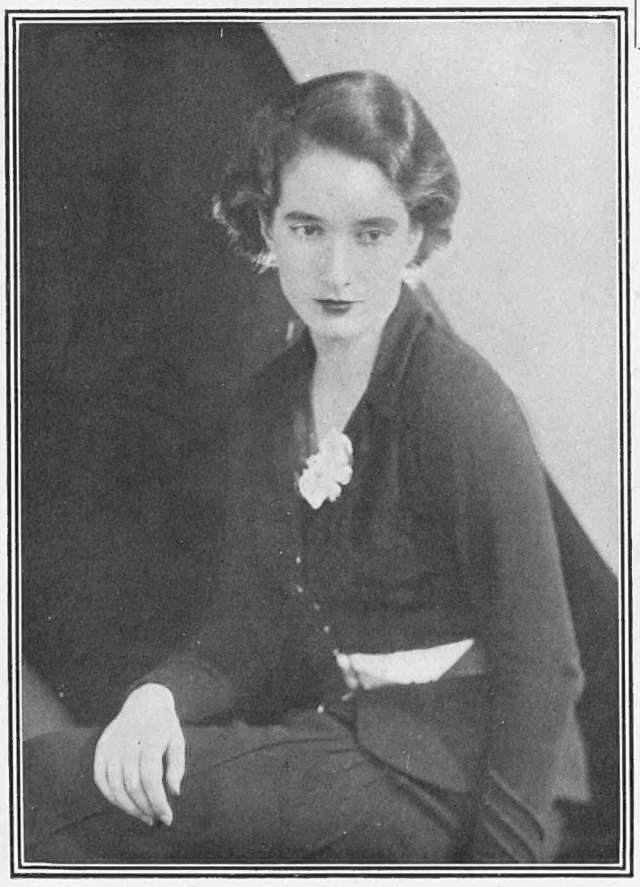
Right : The daughter of the late Lord Arthur Hay and of Mrs. Robert Leatham. She is engaged to Mr. William Makins, the elder son of Sir Paul Makins, Bart.

Bertram Park

MISS JEANNE STOURTON

The daughter of Captain Herbert Stourton, and a kinswoman of Lord Mowbray. She has been working hard to make the St. Andrew's Revel a success

ON this page are seen four of the Junior Committee of the St. Andrew's Revel, which takes place to-morrow night, November 26, at the Café de Paris. It is organised by the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital



Yvonne Gregory

THE HON. SHEILA BERRY

Left : Another member of the Junior Committee of the St. Andrew's Revel at the Café de Paris. She is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose

Marian Lewis

MISS ROSE BINGHAM

Right : Who was one of the most successful debutantes of the past Season. The daughter of the late Captain David Bingham and of Lady Rosabelle Brand, she is a granddaughter of the Earl of Rosslyn

BUY BRITISH!

Fair representatives of English counties who were present when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs visited Hay's Wharf last week to inspect the first cargo of New Zealand full-cream cheese to arrive in London this season They are seen with the prize cheese which won the Lord Mayor's Cup

the passing hour

An excellent private dance, an excellent luncheon, and a super-excellent carnival were among the gaieties of last week, which really ushered in the belated Little Season. The dance was in Carlton House Terrace, and was the first of the series of Monday night parties which are being given by Lady Hadfield for her nephew, Mr. Michel de Buisseret. "Hot dogs" and beer, as I prophesied last week, proved a great attraction. The beer was a lager from Edinburgh which, I believe, is favoured by the King, and everything, in fact, was British down to the magnificent Stilton cheese. I have never seen one at a dance before.

The orchestra of four girls was a very good one, and was led by Miss "Bones" Rabbidge, the only professional pianist in the country who has a handicap of 2 at golf. This summer she played in the German championships and defeated the German champion in the first round. She herself was very unluckily defeated in the semi-finals by Miss Rudgard. Among the guests was Lady Seafield, whose motor car had been pilfered only that afternoon. Two of her suitcases and Mr. Hamish Erskine's overcoat were stolen. At Vine Street she

MR. R. B. BENNETT *Lenare*

The Prime Minister of Canada, who is now on a visit to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in connection with the forthcoming Imperial Conference At the ill-fated conference of a few months ago he made a definite and specific offer of an advantage in the Canadian markets in exchange for a wheat market in Great Britain, an offer which was refused because this was a Free Trade country. Now that the position has altered so greatly his new pronouncements are awaited with the keenest interest in this country and in Canada

Pearl Freeman

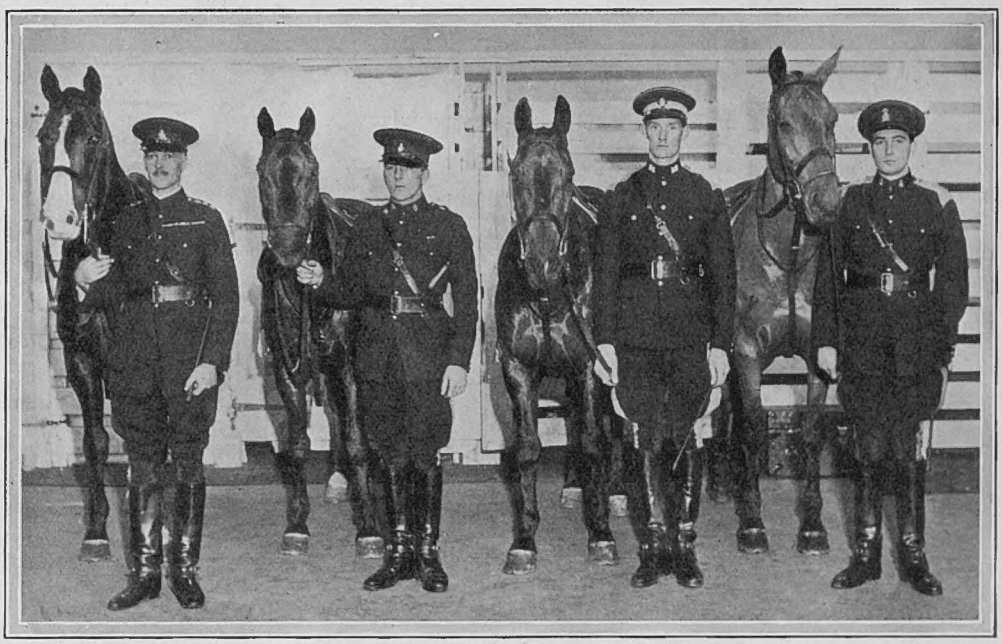
THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

Who has been the recent victim of thieves, who stole two suitcases from her car. Lady Seafield, who holds the title in her own right, was married last year to Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert

AN ANGLO-FRENCH LUNCHEON

was told that no fewer than three cars had been robbed in Curzon Street during the previous week.

MISS MARY BORDEN, the novelist, was also at Lady Hadfield's party. So, too, were Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, Mr. Kenneth Macomber, the nephew of the racehorse owner, Mrs. Vivian Bulkeley-Johnson, who is writing a novel, and Mr. Gordon Halsey, who will be remembered as the founder of the Quadrant, the night club which many people still think was the most amusing that London ever saw. Mrs. Pike, who is also Olive Snell, was another guest, and was accompanied by her seventeen-years-old daughter, for whom she is giving a small debutante dance to-night.



BRITISH HORSEMEN IN AMERICA

The British team which competed in the recent International Military Jumping Championship in New York, seen with their mounts. They are, from left to right, Capt. A. L. Cameron, Mr. Howe, Mr. M. Parsell and Capt. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby. This American Horse Show is one of the outstanding events in the social life of New York

LADY DELAMERE Bassano

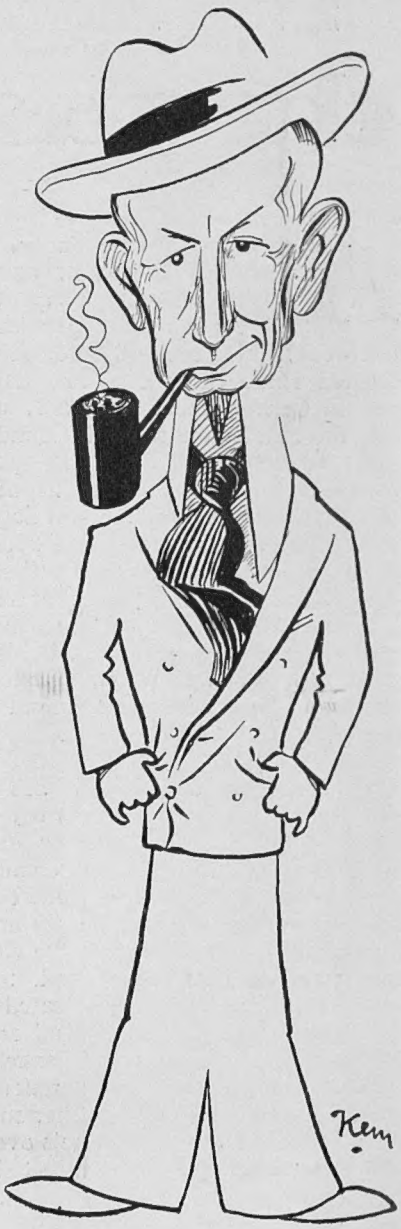
Whose husband has succeeded to the Barony on the death of his father, the third Baron, who was one of the pioneers of Kenya Colony. She is the daughter of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the eldest brother of the Duke of Buccleuch

THE luncheon of which I spoke was given by Ivor Nicholson, the publisher of "The Happy Glutton," in honour of its author, M. Alin Laubreaux. It took place in the Pinafore room at the Savoy, and was marked as much by the Gloomy Dean's enjoyment of the truffles as by an engaging speech delivered in French by Lord Castlerosse. The latter assures me that ten years ago he could speak it as well as he could English. Even now he is remarkably fluent.

AFTER his speech I suggested that a good test of French is to be able to say at once what the French for sock-suspender is. Lord Castlerosse said that was far too easy. But he did not tell us what the word was. Also at this luncheon was Mr. C. B. Cochran, who was showing me how he is going to bill Evelyn Laye, George Robey, Désirée Ellinger and W. H. Berry in "La Belle Hélène." It must be no easy matter to make two famous comedians both satisfied with the prominence accorded them. Incidentally, George Robey is going to play Menelaus. That ought to be fun.

THE Carnival was, of course, the one

(Continued on page 366)



GENERAL C. G. DAWES

An impression by "Kem" of the American Ambassador, who, last week, held long telephone conversations with Washington in regard to the Manchurian quarrel between China and Japan. General Dawes' contention was that Japan has violated the Nine Power Pact

WESTERN WIVES of EASTERN POTENTATES

Above: the Sultan of Johore with the Sultana, who before her marriage in October last was Mrs. Helen Wilson, a Scottish widow, photographed after the latter had been presented at Court last May. Last week she was officially crowned Sultana at Johore Bahru, the capital of Johore. This State occupies the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula and has an area of 7,678 square miles

Vandyk

Vandyk

Above: The Sahibzada Nawab Azam Jah photographed with Princess Durai Shehvar, daughter of the exiled Caliph of Turkey, to whom he was recently betrothed at the Palais Carabacl, Nice, the marriage taking place last week. He is the heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the wealthiest of Indian States. On the left is seen a photograph taken after the betrothal, showing the bride and bridegroom on the left with Prince Moazzam Jah, younger brother of Prince Azam Jah, and Princess Nilufar, Hanem Sultana. Many members of the Round Table Conference left London for Nice to attend the ceremony

ROYALTY SUPPORTS A DESERVING CHARITY

Right: Mr. Antony Hornby and his fiancée, Lady Veronica Blackwood, whose engagement was announced recently, at last week's Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House. The latter is the only sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava

Another photograph taken at last week's very successful Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House. Seen seated above at a supper table are Lady Wodehouse and Lord Grimthorpe

More guests at the Grosvenor House Ice Carnival. Seated on the settee are the Earl of Brecknock, talking to a friend, the Marchioness Camden and the Countess of Brecknock

(Continued from page 364)

organised by the Duchess of Sutherland at Grosvenor House and attended by the Prince of Wales. The Prince looked, and was, perperfectly well, despite the scare two days earlier about his indisposition. It is one of the penalties of Royalty that if you sneeze once, the evening papers come out with a bulletin about you. The Prince, by the way, was wearing a red carnation in his button-hole.

SITTING at the Royal table were Lady Milbanke and Mr. Charles Chaplin, who guffawed loudly when a small child dressed up as him fell about the ice, cane and all. The ice cabaret was excellent. Best of all, though, was the girl who did ballet skating. It makes one sad to think that Diaghileff is not alive to invent an entirely new kind of ice-ballet. The fluency of the movements and speed with which they can be executed make it an ideal medium for self-expression..

Mr. Kenneth Marr Johnson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Marr Johnson, with his fiancée, Miss Diana Maugham. The latter is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Maugham and of Lady Maugham and a niece of the playwright and novelist, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham

ELSEWHERE among the guests were Lady Veronica Blackwood, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Antony Hornby, Sir Anthony Weldon, Captain Jack Mitford, and Lady Mercy Dean. Princess George Imeretinsky skated round in a large red crinoline. Only a good skater would dare to do that. Miss Freda Whittaker gave an exhibition. Miss Whittaker deserves very much more recognition than has been accorded her for her part in the revival of ice-skating.

IN the old days there used to be Prince's, where the Duchess of Bedford—wasn't it?—was the leading spirit. After the War there was no ice skating in London until Miss Whittaker started up a baby ice rink in the bowels of the Albert Hall. Later, she started up another in Hertford Street. It was the success of the latter which inspired the Courtaulds to start the London Ice Club, to be followed by the rinks at Grosvenor House and elsewhere.

SUPERSTITION AND THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKE

A supper-time photograph of the Prince of Wales taken during the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway. The other members of the group seen above are Lady Milbanke (left), Mr. Charles Chaplin and the Duchess of Sutherland, the Chairman of the Committee

It would be impossible to make any attempt to record the week's doings without some reference to the Irish Sweep. Many people say that it may be the last. One hopes not. It adds a touch of excitement to the drabbest of lives, and, better still, it makes money circulate in large quantities. One of the best things about it is that the largest prizes all seem to go to the people who are most in need of it. You seldom know the name of anybody who has won anything. Lord Waleran is an exception. Let's hope, though, that he has found his counterfoil by now.

S

Another of the curiosities of the Sweep is the number of people who draw horses with tickets bearing the most superstition-defying names. "Optimist," "Hopeful," "This Is It," are all typical of those who met with success. In view, however, of the long odds at which all the horses are quoted, big commission agents will be able to buy up the chances of winning tickets at an unusually low figure.

S

To turn to this week's gaieties, two cocktail parties are being given to-night and to-morrow night by Miss Gladys Sammut and Miss Bunting Stephenson in the first instance, and Madame de Pena in the second. Miss Stephenson had the misfortune to run a pencil into her eye while adding up accounts at Nellie Taylor's flower shop the other day, with the result that she

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

For several weeks I have given a confident vote for BRITISH SAILOR to win the Manchester November Handicap, and my latest information is that Lord Glanely's candidate is fit and well. I hope he will sail home!

At Warwick on Wednesday I shall not look beyond LUSTROUS for the Edgehill Plate.

At Manchester on Thursday OCEAN WAVE should be well suited by the galloping track. Showed up well at Lingfield recently.

DUODECAGAN is a two-year-old that acts well in the mud. Is well in the Woodlands Nursery at Manchester on Thursday with 7st. 11lb. TINKLE should also be backed for this race.

CROSS BANK was considered by many to have been unlucky in his last race. If this youngster turns out for the Lancashire Nursery Handicap at Manchester on Friday, be on.

Runners from Stanley House will be well supported at Warwick and Manchester. I have been advised to follow the stable.

Yevonde

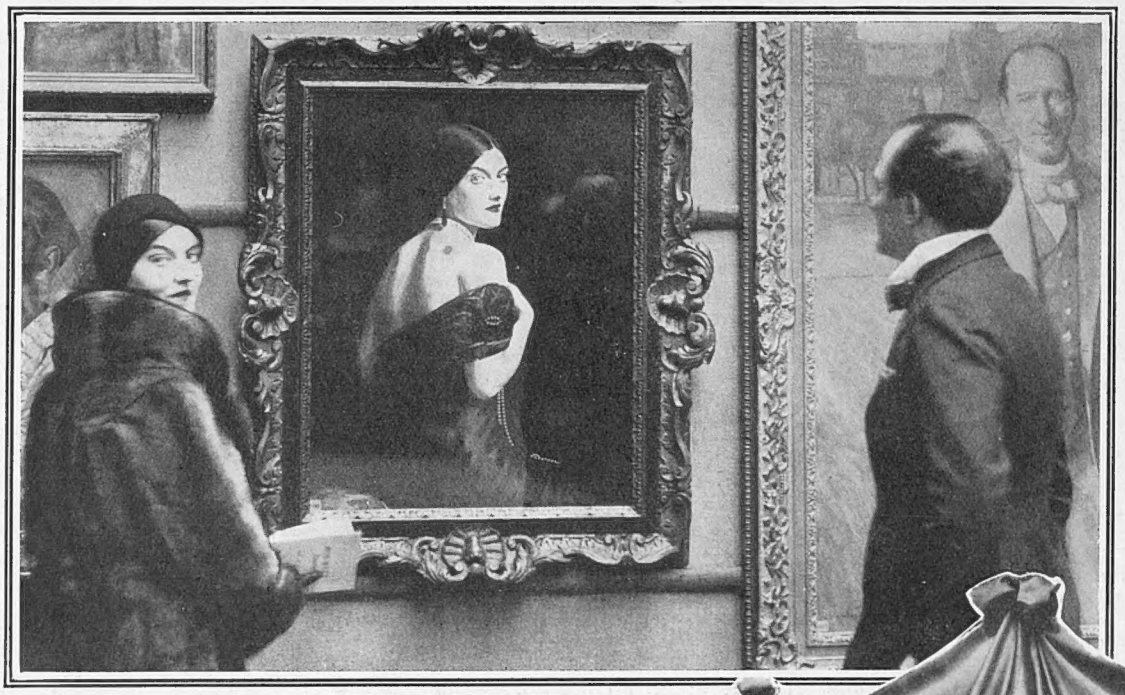
MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK

Whose clever impersonations of stage celebrities have become famous. Miss Pollock, who is the daughter of Sir Adrian and Lady Pollock, is giving her services at the Savage Club Cabaret, which takes place at the Savoy Hotel next Friday

A RACING PILOT WEDS

Flying Officer Leonard Snaith, who was the youngest member of our Schneider Trophy team, and his bride, Miss Joyce Taylor. They were married last week at Meppershall, Bedfordshire

A NEW NOEL COWARDISM



Left: Mr. Cowan Dobson, R.B.A., the famous Scottish artist, and Mrs. Dobson beside the latter's portrait, which was painted by her husband. It is among the exhibits at the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which opened last week at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly

had to wear a decorative black patch over it. I am glad to hear, though, that it is nothing serious.

S

BOTH parties begin at 6 p.m. and continue "onwards." On occasions like these I rather pity the hostesses of successful parties, because people stay and stay and more people come, so that there is no knowing when the proceedings will end. Madame de Pena's last party went on long past dinner time, and it will probably do so again, especially if more of those small sausages are on tap, so to speak.

S

AT the Café de Paris Miss Viola Tree has been having a great success in her first appearance in cabaret. When I visited it last week the place was full. One of the most interesting parties was that of Mr. Sidney Beer, Miss Olga Lynn and Mr. Geoffrey Toye — an amusing combination. Elsewhere sat Ulick Browne the dressmaker, who had to walk with the aid of a stick, and Lady Hamond-Græme and her husband.

S

IT was at the Café de Paris that I heard Noel Coward's latest. People always pass on his most recent bon mot. The latest tells how he was "cut" by an actress who has an aristocratic friend. "My dear, you must not do that," said Noel. "No, not even if you are a peeress in your own wrong."

S

NEXT Wednesday and Thursday there is to be an unusually good entertainment at Grosvenor House. The Duchess of York and Lady Strathmore will both be there. It is the Persian Market, with a performance of Liza Lehmann's Persian Garden to be given at 3.45 p.m. At a musical party given the other evening by Mrs. Walter Rubens, Miss Maggie Teyte and Miss Betty Bannerman were both busily engaged trying over the music.

Although some of the pictures on view at the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters have displeased the critics, the portrait of His Majesty seen above is notable for the dignity and grace of its treatment. It is the work of Mr. Frank O. Salisbury

MISS MOLLY LE BAS Yevonde

Whose engagement was announced recently to Major Montagu Brocas Burrows, D.S.O., M.C., the son of Sir Stephen Montagu Burrows C.I.E., and of Lady Burrows. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Bas

MR. TUDOR DAVIES and Mr. Frederick Grisewood will sing the two chief male parts on Wednesday, though Hubert Eisdell will take the place of Mr. Tudor Davies on Thursday. All kinds of things will be on sale in the "Market"—including jig-saw puzzles (Lady Beatrix Wilkinson), game, dolls, saucepans, soap, and perfumes, as well as Christmas

THE LITTLE SEASON'S CHARITY ACTIVITIES

Left: Mr. Max Rivers, the well-known dance producer, rehearsing some of the performers in the pageant which was a feature of the British Porcelain Ball. It took place in the new ballroom at Claridge's yesterday, November 24

Below: Three members of a 1760 Georgian group of porcelain as they appeared in the British Porcelain Ball in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund. They are Miss Betty Shaughnessey (left), Miss Lisette Campbell and Miss Rita Layton

presents of which Lady Chalmers will be in charge.

THE Duchess of York has also given her patronage to a ball which is to be held in the new ballroom at Claridge's in aid of the "Princess Elizabeth Cot." Ambrose's band is going to play. My attention has also been drawn to the Festival dinner organised by the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett at the Hotel Victoria next Monday. The Duke of Gloucester will be in the chair as president of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End.

I DO not wish to poach on the preserves of my colleague, "Old Orkney," but I cannot resist putting you on to a red-hot winner. I refer to our Christmas Number, which, although a keen favourite, will show a wonderful return for a two-shilling investment next Friday.

Sasha

The bride cuts the cake. A photograph taken at the wedding reception, held at the May Fair Hotel, following the marriage, at Prince's Row Register Office, of Mr. Frank Rogerson and Miss Eileen Joel. The latter is the daughter of the famous financier, the late Mr. Solly Joel

WARNING!

You may miss your train, you may miss a prize in the Irish Sweepstake, you may even miss your husband's or wife's birthday, but whatever else you do you simply can't afford to miss the

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the "BYSTANDER"

which will be on sale next Friday, November 27. Among the many well-known writers and artists who have helped to make this an outstandingly successful number are Eric Linklater, author of "Juan in America," Ethel Mannin, the well-known novelist and publicist, John Hastings Turner, the noted playwright and author, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the humorist and historian, and artists like Harold Forster, Gordon Nicoll, H. H. Harris and Leon Heron.

It is packed with good fare from cover to cover and is so bright that even thoughts of Income Tax fade into insignificance when reading it.

ON SALE NEXT FRIDAY. TWO SHILLINGS

Sasha

Leonora and Elizabeth Brooke, daughters of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak. The former, a godchild of Sir J. M. Barrie, has already published a book of poems and has finished her first novel, while Elizabeth, who was presented at Court last year, is adopting the stage as a profession

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . hello . . . hello, Baa . . . oh, dear, I'm so stiff . . . my first week's hard hunting. . . . The Warwickshire is having a brilliant season, but that doesn't prevent their popular secretary, Bernard Granville, being as busy as usual with the cap. . . . Olive Pearce is to grace the Heythrop country this year. . . . How nice she looks on a horse . . . and just as lovely in a ballroom . . . while some people, but, no . . . I had better be discreet.

* * *

ATHLETES seem to choose well where looks are concerned, and "Bunny" Austin is certainly no exception . . . and his wedding was great fun. . . .

* * *

MURIEL HARTLEY is most attractive and certainly adds decoration to the golfing world, as does Joyce Wethered . . . who is also a brunette. . . . Talking of sport, I see that wonderful man, Harry Preston, dancing gaily wherever I go. . . . I feel that he and Lord Lonsdale should have a joint statue. . . .

* * *

QUITE the most entrancing figure to be seen everywhere that is anywhere is Rose Bingham . . . she is rather Peter-Pannish in appearance . . . if you know what I mean . . . and quite adorable. . . .

* * *

THERE is a quite lovely plump blonde who is causing a great many somewhat ancient hearts to flutter around a well-known restaurant quite near to St. James's . . . and, oh! boy, how she knows her job! . . .

* * *

YOU should have seen what I saw at Ciro's . . . Baa . . . last week . . . mittens edged with ermine at the elbows and a muff with tails to match. . . .

* * *

LADY JULIET DUFF is unusually tall or else it is her distinction which makes her dominate a party . . . she is nice, with a pleasant twist of humour. . . . I might almost say the same of the new Lady Delamere, whom we know better as Phyllis Cholmondeley. . . . Phyllis and Jean Buchanan-Jardine both have very decided and original ideas on dress. . . . Veronica Blackwood does not like the bare-neck craze, which made us discard diamond and pearl necklaces for white skins. . . . She has some most unusual necklaces of barbaric shapes and colourings. . . . Another engaged lovely . . . Pat Richards . . . never wears anything round her neck, but seldom appears without being adorned by a spray of green orchids. . . .

* * *

THERE is a great deal of chatter about an air-minded beauty who has flown away from house and home . . . for another and, she hopes, better land. . . .

* * *

THE rag-a-muffin style of hairdressing is taking London by storm. Brenda de Chimay is a most successful example. I don't know how one can keep the wisps against the face . . . can it be soap? . . . Kay Hammond is having no nonsense of this sort . . . her head is a riot of waves and curls . . . but how she chews! . . . Not for one moment does that attractive little jaw stop working.

* * *

LIKE the Queen I try to shop early, but seldom succeed in getting anything until Christmas Eve. . . . I want to add to my list of gifts wanted. . . Baa . . . an ermine cape with tails like Francis Day's . . . a mink coat, oh, such a rich one! . . . like Sylvia Ashley's . . . a pink fox . . . like Bunny Bannerman's . . . who is looking so lovely just now. . . . I must go, Baa . . . oh, I wish I could sit with ease. . . . Bless you! . . .

CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS—EXTENSION NIGHTS

Place.	Extension Night	Hour	Entertainments
AMBASSADORS CLUB	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
BERKELEY	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret.
BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH	Sat, and Sun.	Midnight	
CAFÉ ANGLAIS ..	Fri.	2 a.m.	The Westerns.
CAFÉ DE PARIS ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Miss Iris Ashley; W. Walker.
DORCHESTER HOTEL	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Arthur Lally's orchestra.
EMBASSY CLUB ..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	No cabaret.
EMPRESS ROOMS, .. KENSINGTON	Fri.	2 a.m.	Hutch and his Revellers, and Sydney Lipton and his band.
GRAND HOTEL, .. HARROGATE	Sat. and alt. Weds.	Midnight	
HUNGARIA	Tues.	2 a.m.	Hungaria orches., 11.30-12.15.
KIT-CAT	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at 10 and midnight.
MAY FAIR HOTEL ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Ambrose's orchestra.
PICCADILLY HOTEL..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Piccadilly Revels, Rest. at mid-
ROMANO'S	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight. [night.
SAVOY	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret 10.15 and midnight.
TROCADERO	Fri.	2 a.m	C. B. Cochran's supper time "Creation."

ITEMS OF THE HOUR FROM ABROAD

WITH THE REICHSWEHR IN GERMANY

Luebben, the town in the Spreewald which formerly housed a garrison but had been without one for many years, recently reverted to its former state, when six hundred officers and men took up quarters there. The photograph on the right shows the troops entering the town

After years of prosperity, America now finds herself faced with an unemployment problem which she is unable to solve satisfactorily, and the two photographs seen above show New York unemployed lined up in queues outside the unemployment exchanges hoping against hope to secure jobs. There is no dole in America, and the police and workless have been engaged in frequent scuffles, one of which is seen just starting in the upper photograph

The eagle-like form of Viscount Cecil seen at Geneva. Lord Cecil regards the League of Nations as the only means of preserving peace in the world, and Japan's attitude over the Manchurian situation has proved a bitter pill for him to swallow

NEW YORK SOCIETY AT THE OPERA

Above : Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mellon and a friend arriving. Mr. Mellon is the Honorary President of the exclusive Southampton Beach Club

Left : Miss Antoinette Johnson and Mr. Frank Vance Storrs arriving. American men still carry crooked sticks when wearing evening dress

Mr. Clarence Mackay and his bride of a few months, well known on the concert platform as Miss Anna Case

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt arrives wearing striking furs. The Vanderbilts have long been generally accepted as the most important members of what is known in America as the Social Registrate

New York opera, which used to be the "high spot" of the Social Season, where the "debs" make their first appearance, has been something of a disappointment this year. At the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House the auditorium was full despite the depression, but glittering diamonds and beautiful dresses were difficult to discover. Indeed, this first night has been described as about "as smart as a parish tea"!

"BUY BRITISH!": THE PRINCE'S SLOGAN

Left: Mr. J. H. Thomas seen at Australia House last week after opening the Exhibition of Australian Products arranged to assist the "Buy British" campaign. Major-General Sir Granville de Laune Ryrie, the High Commissioner for Australia, is showing him a fine leg of Australian mutton. Inset below: The Prince of Wales is seen at Birmingham about to broadcast his "Buy British" appeal

The vast electric sign in Trafalgar Square which utters a timely reminder to every purchaser of goods of every sort. Sir William Morris, the motor magnate, recalled in a recent speech a conversation he had with the Prince of Wales on the way back from the latter's Argentine tour. The Prince told him, "I am going back to advertise my country. I am going back to do all I can to advertise the manufactures of the Old Country for the reason that I am of the opinion that we have been hiding our light under a bushel too long"

AT THE PLAY

A FRENCH AUTHOR ON A RUS

"Little Catherine," at the Phœnix Theatre

SKETCHES OF "LITTLE CATHERINE," AT THE PHŒNIX THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

THIS play, written by the French dramatist, Alfred Savoir, has been a very great success in Paris, and it seemed only right that English audiences should also have a chance of sampling it; so, for the benefit of the Great B.P., who do not understand French, Virginia and Frank Vernon have prepared an English version which is as true to the original as the censor will permit.

THIS picture of the Russian Court in the time of the Empress Elizabeth is really an amazing one. The aged Empress herself is always escorted about by a couple of clowns, a sort of Rasputin, and a favourite who is only allowed to bark at her. But the favourite is not the Empress's only lover. She admits that she likes men, and if they don't like her with sufficient ardour I can conceive their meeting with a quick, but by no means painless, end.

HER nephew, Peter, is heir to the throne, for, though the Empress was promiscuous, she was not productive, and a marriage has been arranged for him with Sophie of Anhalt, who, directly she arrives in Russia with her mamma, is renamed Catherine. And Catherine, as I, as well as the Russians, will now call her, seems only too willing to follow in aunt-in-law's footsteps and take lovers unto herself.

BUT before doing so she marries Peter, and it may be because he is such an insufferable cad that she deviates on occasions from the strictly moral track. Making a cuckold of her husband is, however, one of her minor accomplishments. She proves the strength of her character by vigorous action when the Empress Elizabeth dies, and gets rid of her husband in double quick time.

The Princess of Anhalt (Barbara Gott) before leaving the Russian Court, takes with her a few souvenirs of a visit which was not altogether enjoyable

To impress his future Empress, Peter (Harold Huth) left, orders the sentry (Thomas Weguelin) to jump from a first floor window to the court yard below as a proof of devotion. Catherine (Madeleine Carroll) would appear less amazed had she known, as did Lanskoi (W. Graham Browne) that a mass of straw broke his fall very conveniently. On the right: A study in militarism. The sentry (Thomas Weguelin), "Left, right, left, right"

She achieves this object by following in auntie's footsteps and making the soldiers of the guard her lovers, and by far the best scene in the play is when Peter, now Emperor, preens himself on his august position, only to find that he is deserted and alone for the first time in his life, a loneliness which is soon broken in on by the palace guard placing him under arrest, and, if I mistake not, ultimately doing him to death.

YES, Catherine the Great knew her own mind, and also knew how to get rid of a borish and brutal husband. I would not suggest, however, that in these days ladies similarly circumstanced, even in America, "bump off" a husband thus and hope to get away with it.

SIAN THEME — By Vernon Woodhouse

MADELEINE CARROLL makes much of the part of Catherine. This was a good piece of casting, for not only does this actress look beautiful, but she acts the part with rare intelligence. Harold Huth, too, is excellent as Peter, especially in the strong last scene when he is left alone. Thomas Weguelin, as the sentry who is only too willing to be Catherine's lover, made this part amusing by playing it as a sort of toy soldier.

I WISH I could say that Marie Tempest was equally well cast as the Empress Elizabeth, but I have often seen her to greater advantage, and on the first night she often failed to make herself heard; while a piece of really bad casting was giving the part of Lanskoi to W. Graham Browne. I feel sure a younger and more virile actor would have got far more out of this part.

THE scenery, by Aubrey Hammond, and the costumes, designed by Gontcharowa, are beautiful and effective; while Frank Vernon's production is full of clever touches.

"The Red Light," at the New Theatre

I VERY much fear that this "Red Light" will soon be extinguished. This solemn warning against Communism was doubtless written with very good intentions by H. F. Maltby and John Trevor, but that was all there *was* good about it. We have passed the age when penny plain and tuppence coloured is an attraction for theatregoers, and as the authors have also all unwittingly coloured the bourgeois with as unpleasant a hue as the communists, it is hard to extend sympathy in the direction where it was evidently intended to be given.

BASIL GILL had no chance of proving that he is a fine actor although he handles a long soliloquy excellently, but in a small part Muriel George showed herself a ripe comedienne, and others who make the most of their parts are Henry Hewitt, Iris Baker, and Henry Oscar. V. W.

Empress Elizabeth (Marie Tempest), a lady extremely fond of hunting—men preferred

GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

Actors at play. A photograph taken at the recent match at Moor Park between teams from the Strand and Shaftesbury Theatres. In the group are included Leslie Henson, A. W. Bascomb, and Sydney Howard

TALK of Joyce Wethered's engagement led to a discussion on women's golf, and one well-known player with many years' experience of the game said that he was not at all sure that had Lady Margaret Scott, who won the Ladies' Championship in 1893, 1894 and 1895, played with a rubber-cored ball, and without the disadvantage of long skirts, her play would be surpassed by that of the present leading women players. The opinion was rather generally expressed that women to-day play a totally different type of game from that played by their sex twenty years ago. The golf played by most women years ago was very meek and mild. To-day they play shots in very much the same way as the professionals, and I am convinced that freedom of movement has a great deal to do with it.

* * *

FOR a club which was only started a year ago—the Finchley Sports and Social Club—to be able to boast of 600 members in these times of financial depression is no mean effort. Evidence of keenness amongst the members is shown in the support given to the lectures inaugurated by their very promising professional, Keith Dalby. These are held fortnightly, and in turn have dealt with play with the driver, brassie, and spoon. The next is on play with irons.

Mr. G. V. Carter, the captain of the club, who is a 3 handicap man, has assisted Dalby by demonstrating strokes during the lectures. Members are invited to have the inaccuracies of their swing pointed out to them, or any other faults which Dalby's eye spots. The majority of members of this club being beginners the value of these lectures is great, and I think it is an idea which might well be copied by other clubs.

Nether Court, the home of the club, is not by any means the ordinary golf club-house, for Saturday evening dances are held there monthly, a billiards and snooker tournament is now in progress; Bridge drives are held frequently, and even Sunday concerts given.

GOLFING AT ADDINGTON

Sir Maurice Jenks (right), the Lord Mayor of London, enjoying a round of golf. With him are Lady Jenks and Sir Harry Greer

WITH the approach of the match between Oxford and Cambridge more and more interest is taken in the performance of the rival teams. The supporters of Oxford must be pleased with the result of their match at Addington lately, when they defeated the home team by 11 points to 7. Addington fielded a hot side, their average handicaps being scratch. J. R. Keen, playing in the leading single, won four of the first seven holes against Bernard Darwin, but eventually lost by 2 and 1. Darwin was putting extremely well. Keen and Langford avenged the former's defeat in the singles by defeating Darwin and W. A. Powell by 4 and 3. At the twelfth, which is over 500 yards, Langford hit a great drive, followed by a fine iron shot by Keen, which gave them an eagle three. E. L. Dunnett, who was beaten in the singles by F. W. H. Weaver, successfully partnered E. H. Moss against R. B. Foster and R. N. le Cron in the foursomes. Dunnett was later invited to play against Cambridge.

* * *

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY were meanwhile trying conclusions with the League at Worlington. On the two days' play they were the victors by 15 points to 10. In the four ball matches I. K. McRosty and D. A. Drayson were beaten by R. W. Hartley and H. M. Bray, and in the foursomes the same pair lost to J. de Forest and R. de Montmorency. During Sunday's play R. H. Oppenheimer, the former Oxford University captain, holed the short seventh (162 yards) in one.

* * *

IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery, and there is no doubt that Chertsey, in imitating the St. Andrews custom of playing in their new captain, have acted wisely. The custom creates much interest, and is an impressive ceremony to mark the entry into office of the chief officer of the club.

* * *

ON several occasions I have been privileged to play over the New Zealand course near Woking, and it is curious that even many keen golfers are apparently ignorant of the existence of this delightful course, and when I refer to it it must not be imagined that I have been playing in the Colonies. I learnt from Colonel Bunbury that the course was laid out thirty years ago. It has not been lengthened to any extent, but, as the Colonel says, has been kept as it was except for the addition of many extremely well-placed bunkers. This is a course intended for the average player, not scratch players. How I wish other clubs would realise that 75 per cent. of their players find long carries and long holes wearisome.

BY BEAUCHAMP

"Do *come on Tuesday. I'm throwing open my new house to the Press photographers*"

By Frank Ford

"She is the most even-tempered girl I know"
"Really? She doesn't look it"
"Oh, yes, she is. She's cross the whole time!"

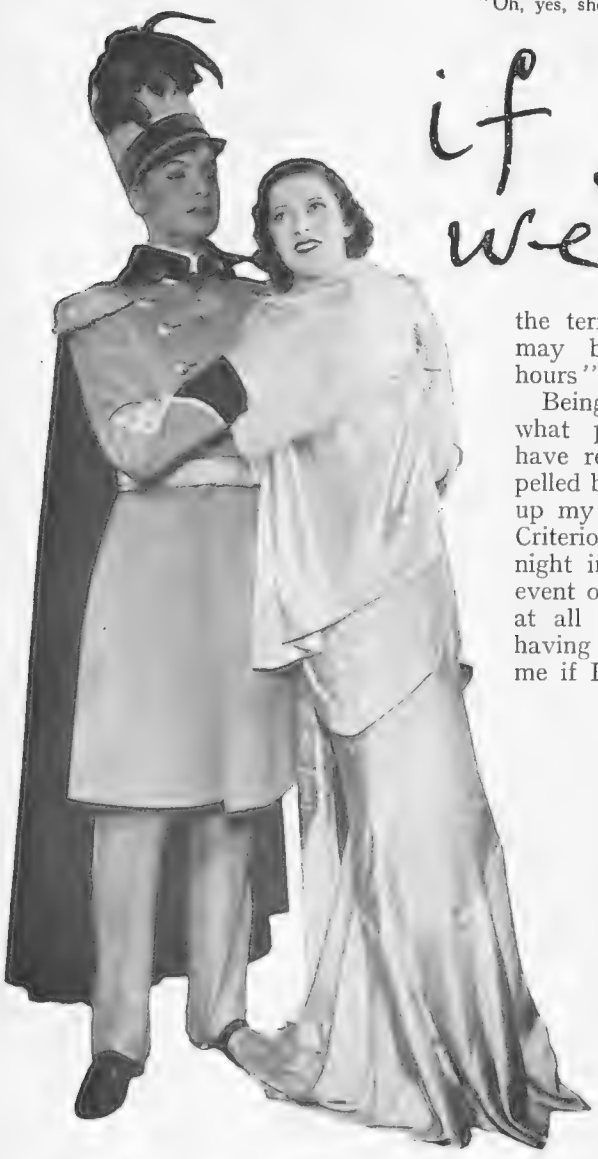
if Sossip we must

LAST week I mentioned the names of a few of the temperance enthusiasts who are serving on the Licensing Commission. I wish some, or all of them, or of those who think like them, could have been present at the Criterion Restaurant the other night, when, at a banquet attended by Mrs. Philip Snowden (who was justifiably emphatic in her protest), the waiters snatched, at 10.30 p.m., not only alcoholic, but non-alcoholic drinks from the tables. The restaurant, with its eye on the tyrannous absurdity of the law, was taking no chances; sooner than risk breaking one law it broke another one, since, under the terms of its licence, soft drinks may be consumed after "closing hours" at a banquet.

Being an argumentative and somewhat pugnacious person, I would have refused, unless forcefully compelled by a platoon of waiters, to give up my half-glass of lemonade at the Criterion at 10.30 o'clock on a Sunday night in the extraordinarily unlikely event of my (i) being in the Criterion at all on a Sunday night, or (ii) having a non-alcoholic drink before me if I had been.

S

THE restaurant management argue, I gather, that ginger-ale may contain brandy and ginger-beer gin (thank goodness they frequently do); and that, since the addition leaves no outward sign, it is necessary, short of testing or smelling every glass, to whisk away everything and leave the unfortunate diners without even a glass of water—in case this may, in reality, be neat gin. It is a pleasant country, is it not, this country which pays the highest taxes in the world? Never again shall I venture to twit the Americans on their loss of liberty.



King Yovan (Robert Donat), suggests a little supper à deux to Lili Dengler (Leonora Corbett) in a scene from "Lady-in-Waiting." This comedy of high life and high spirits is now running at the St. Martin's Theatre

I WOULD suggest that in future restaurant managers should see that not only drink but food is removed after the hours in which a fanatical minority have given us permission to consume alcohol. Is not trifle made with port or sherry? Who knows but what half a glass of one of those pernicious evils, chablis or sauterne, has not gone to the making of sole vin blanc? Ruin irretrievable would descend upon any community allowed to consume ham with Madeira sauce after 10 p.m. on the Sabbath. The only virtue I can see in that delectable sweet, Baba au Rhum, is its honesty—for it does admit that it is made with rum.

I feel that at any moment a policeman may enter and remove *me*. For it is, as I write, 11.20 p.m. on a Sunday—and I am mentioning the names of alcoholic liquors.

S

I ONLY hope—I repeat with all sincerity—that teetotallers, and rabid ones at that, had their soft drinks snatched away from them by waiters on this occasion, which promises to be memorable. That would give them a taste of the tyranny they inflict on others; it might even induce them to switch round and throw their influence on the side of sanity and freedom, though here I am not at all sanguine.

But, impossible scheme though it be, it would indeed provide a source

Irving Chidnoff

RUSSELL JOHNS

The young American who has filled the breach at the Monseigneur created by the absence of Douglas Byng, where his songs, which are less risqué than those of the latter, are proving very popular. He was formerly one of the "high spots" of the Ziegfeld Follies

A corner of the historic Mayfair mansion, Lansdowne House, which was recently on the market. It has been bought by the Bruton Club for the enormous sum of £750,000. The famous marbles, some of which are seen above, realised £68,000 when auctioned last year

of comfortable satisfaction to know that the teetotaller is forbidden his lemonade and cocoa during the hours when the non-teetotaller is forbidden his beer or whisky. As it is, he scarcely suffers; he pays little indirect taxation on his choice of tipple, and restrictions pass over him like his beloved cold water off a duck's back. And there is not a single M.P.—Conservative, Liberal, Labour, National Liberal, Liberal National, tragical-historical, pastoral, pastoral-comical, or merely comical—who raises his voice to attempt to set in motion some machinery by which this monstrous absurdity of near-Prohibition shall be removed. Even the Press, for the most part, confines its protests to obscure corners. Have we been so long under the yoke that we have lost our will-power and actually enjoy being Lady-Astored out of our Liberty?

IN this wave of prohibiting nearly everyone and everything, unfettered liberty seems to be allowed to those who ram down the throats of the public the doings and sayings of certain people of whom I never wish to hear again for a long, long time.

That is partly because I am, perhaps, in an unpopular minority, but it also arises from the fact that, in these matters, the nation is largely spoon-fed. Tell them persistently enough to be interested in such-and-such a person and they assuredly will be. But, in all mercy, let us have occasional pauses. I am very interested in oysters, asparagus, green peas, strawberries, the Gold Cup Day at Ascot, cold grouse, Grand Opera, and Christmas Day in the country. But there are long periods when these delights are not available. One returns to them the more eagerly when they are. It would be absurd, I suppose, to hope for any respite from the marriage-tangles of film-stars. I would, however, suggest a close season for—

(i) Women aviators.

(ii) Mr. "Bunny" Austin and his bride.

(iii) June.

(iv) Both the Ian Hamiltons.

The world will roll along just as merrily.

"Would you like a nice snap of me, too?" By Leslie P. Marchant

Janet Jevons
ADELE DIXON

Who plays one of the leading parts in "The Good Companions," which is still doing enormous business at His Majesty's. She played in the special matinée of "Bluestone Quarry," produced by the Stage Society at the Duchess Theatre last week

BRITISH films come in for hard knocks, many of them quite undeserved. Most of the films are, it must be admitted, very far from perfect, and, although I do not suggest that defects are due solely to the circumstances in which they are made, increased consideration for those employed in the industry—or in the art, if you like—could not fail to bear good fruit. You do not get first-class work from uncomfortable and discontented people. Few, if any, of those who are not concerned in the art (or industry) of the films have any conception of the appalling discomfort of the conditions at Elstree for film-actors and film-actresses, even of some repute. What the crowds must suffer I hardly like to imagine. Long days of loafing and idleness, followed by detention, on no apparent pretext, until 4 a.m. Uncertainty in the way of rest and refreshment. Lack of all method, chills and draughts. Hollywood may be a place of broken hearts and tarnished reputations, and all manner of foolishness besides. But there they are, at any rate, businesslike, and more attention is paid to the material well-being of anyone employed there. That is certainly something to go on with.

Gloria Swanson with her latest husband, Mr. Michael Farmer. This is the famous film star's fourth venture in the marriage lottery, her former husbands being Herbert Somborn, a Los Angeles business man, Wallace Beery, the film actor, and the Marquis de Falaise

WHAT a deuce of a hullabaloo is greeting this suggestion to introduce dog-racing at the Oval! One would think that the famous cricket ground is about to become the scene of orgies of the Black Mass from the number of pious protests. I was present at a lunch party at the Dorchester the other day at which the proposal was discussed, and I found it difficult to regard in the light of conspirators any of those willing to give it their blessing. Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, President of the Surrey County Cricket Club, is a charming and courteous person, and so is that popular ex-Lord Mayor, Lord Ebbisham. Nor, surely, would the Duchy of Cornwall, which was the "host" on this occasion, sponsor anything nefarious.

THE truth is, there is nothing inherently evil about greyhound racing, any more than there is anything inherently sacred about cricket. And greyhound racing will not—it is expressly promised—interfere with cricket at the Oval in any way; rather, indeed, will the cricket enthusiasts benefit by it, for bigger and better stands will be built. I hold no particular brief for greyhound racing, a form of amusement in which I have participated less than half a dozen times, each

BY HAROLD BEARDS

"Just a little to your right, please. I'm not going to break that mirror!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Who is said to be the highest paid actress on the films. In her latest Warner Brothers picture, "Bought," her father plays the appropriate part of her father in the film story

A SONG OF THE FREE

When Mr. John Goss was about to sing at the annual dinner of the Guild of Singers and Players held in a West End restaurant the other Sunday, he was held up for several minutes whilst waiters feverishly removed all alcoholic drinks to conform with our grandmotherly licensing restrictions. Next time this occurs he may sing as follows:—

MR. GOSS:

"*COME, let us sing of England,*
Our dear old Motherland,
Where honest people such as we
Can live our lives securely free
From the oppressor's hand.
So charge your glasses, one and all,
And toast her freeborn men,
Who fear no foes beyond the seas. But—"

HEAD WAITER:

"*No more drinking, if you please;*
It's after half-past ten!"

MR. GOSS:

"*Yes, here's a toast to England,*
For whom we fought and bled,
That in the years that are to be
Our heritage, sweet Liberty,
Might not be lost or dead.
For England stands for Freedom,
So all your glasses prime
With honest wine of ruby hue—Yes—"

HEAD WAITER:

"*Bless my soul, this will not do,*
Why, man, they've just called 'Time!'"

MR. GOSS (giving it up):

"*Then let us toast old DORA,*
Our nursery governess,
Who treats us like a naughty brat
With "Don't do this" and "Don't do that"
Our pleasures to suppress,
For DORA rules Old England,
Beneath her heel we're laid—and—"

HEAD WAITER: (sticking to the point):

"*You must kindly understand*
We serve but lemonade!" *B. W.*

BY FRED MAY

SIR JULIEN CAHN

An impression of the popular Master of the Burton, who took over the reins of office in 1926. Sir Julien is also a great cricketer who has led Overseas tours

Maurice, the presiding genius of the Trocadero entertainments in the guise of a sailor, who is not so much an ordinary A.B. as a Trocabaret B. He sings with great gusto a new song, "Make Way, Boys, Here Comes a Sailor," composed by Frank Lane, who was in charge of the ship's band on H.M.S. Renown during the Prince of Wales's tour

time not without boredom. But to say that it is a foul blot on any neighbourhood is ridiculous. As General Critchley pointed out to me, a sport that is run crookedly could not survive—and no fewer than 17,000,000 went greyhound-racing last year. The sport is not, I suppose, quite immaculate, but it is carried on in as decent a fashion as any other, and rarely, if ever, are there rows or disturbances. But it is quite sufficient nowadays for something to be suggested for a lot of misguided or prejudiced people to wish to rush in and prohibit it.

S

I MUST congratulate some big-wig of the London General Omnibus Company on an impish and Puck-like sense of humour. Think of the fun of launching a fleet of expensive and luxurious six-wheeled 'buses and of keeping their destination a secret! Look at, and admire, these new 'buses. They glisten with nice red paint. You can learn from their outside what plays are running, what tobacco you should smoke, what you should eat and drink and wear and read. But—and here is the most subtly humorous touch—you can find no clue as to their route. Even the number is in such tiny figures that it is well-nigh invisible.

S

THAT, of course, is the right plan. Why disfigure a lovely new 'bus with a lot of silly information about Oxford Street and Hammersmith and Tottenham Court Road? Why rob Londoners of the diversion of entering a 'bus and not knowing where it is going to? Why deprive foreigners and provincials of the thrill of being confronted with a problem of insuperable difficulty? We are a sporting nation, fond of games of chance. 'Bus-riding can now be added to the list.

S

THE next move must be to take all names off tube and railway stations, to strip the name-plates off street corners, and for the Censor to forbid the publication of Bradshaw and the A.B.C. guide.

Sasha

ADRIENNE BRUNE

The well-known musical-comedy singer, who has joined the cast of "Waltzes from Vienna" at the Alhambra. She is playing Evelyn Herbert's part at two matinées a week

canada AS I SEE HER

A bird's-eye view of Montreal which gives a splendid impression of the busy city, with its docks, railways, wharves and business premises. The city, as will be observed, is one of very considerable size as well as of great industrial importance

LADY TERRINGTON

By

LADY TERRINGTON

Canada to-day is so important to the Empire, not only economically but also socially, that Lady Terrington is travelling through the Dominion and recording her impressions for "The Bystander." In her next article she will deal with her visit to Ottawa.

TEN years ago I crossed the border from the States to Canada. The dawn was breaking as we ran over the great bridge, and I thought it was the most wonderful sight in the world. Now I know better. That was not Canada—that was the dessert at the end of a good dinner. To know Canada one must treat her as a beautiful woman—shy and bold by turns. Capricious, gay and sad. She spreads her beauty out with extended arms, and as the ship swings on up the St. Lawrence River she seems to say, "See what I will give you—all my beauty, all my friendship—all I have."

ON a gloriously sunny morning the Duchess of Atholl creeps slowly into Quebec. Fussy little tugs race to meet her, hooting and blinding us with their smoke. Just a port—Customs sheds, emigration departments, gangways—all the paraphernalia of ocean travel. Then we swing round again, the fussy little tug races across our bows as if tantalising us, and stretched out before us lies the calm lake surface of the mighty river.

BEHIND the docks the turrets of the Château Frontenac (that favourite week-end resort of all good prohibitionists) rise like a mediæval château, behind them again the Plains of Abraham, and then that great optical illusion, Quebec Bridge.

THERE is only one place to see this wonder to its finest advantage. Plead with the captain —I did—and he allowed me on the upper bridge. The vast steel structure, weighing over 40,000 tons, glistens in the sunshine. Then as we run rapidly towards her one's heart almost stops. We cannot clear, the water is too high. Perhaps the bridge opens, but no. We are getting nearer, our foremast towers above the structure, the lower girders are level with the bridge. One woman screams. My good friend the captain chuckles. "Stand by to jump," he says. Then as the mast is almost touching we race under, with thirty feet to spare! No one has ever explained the mystery of the bridge. It is just one of the caprices of Canada.

THE channel narrows. We have only three feet of

(Continued on page 384)

A study in contrasts in Montreal. The old building in the foreground, dating back to 1645, is quite eclipsed by the huge Royal Bank building seen behind it

LEILA SOKHEY

The first Brahmin of high caste to become a professional dancer, who performed at the Dorchester last week in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Hospital, under the stage name of Menaka. The entertainment, to which others contributed, was under the patronage of the Maharanee of Baroda and members of the Indian Round Table Conference

CANADA AS I SEE HER (continued from page 382)

The Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence river. The liner seen going up-stream is the Duchess of Atholl

water under the ship now, although the river is so wide. Another thrill—the Duchess of Richmond, homeward bound, is coming down straight towards us. Won't the ship slow up? No! The two great liners pass each other. The bridge waves greeting to her sister ship, and in a smother like cotton-wool she passes us—and is gone.

S

I HAVE compared Canada to a woman, but Montreal can only be compared to a kaleidoscope. It is one of the most cosmopolitan towns in the world. There are, in the first place, three distinct towns. The French, the American, and the residential. I make these distinctions purposely. From the port, where the first French settlers made their home, past the great Place d'Armes, with its replica of Nôtre Dame, up through the business section, on to St. Catherine Street, with its lights like a miniature Broadway—on up the hill to the quiet residential quarter with its immense apartment houses overshadowing the solid stone houses of the last century.

S

I HAVE found friendship and hospitality in many places, but Montreal "has them beat." I know of no other city where one is made so welcome, not only with "parties" to chase away the homesickness, but in a deeper, more sincere way. Made free of clubs and homes. They are a people of contrasts here. They work hard; and when they are not working they are the maddest, dearest, craziest "bunch" I have ever met. Nothing is too silly if it is for the happiness of the party.

S

ONE or two rules take a little getting used to. The hotels, for instance. Any "lady" can take a "gentleman" into her bedroom provided they leave the door open! Should there be three in the party, then the door may be shut! Nobody minds what you do so long as you do not make a row and annoy anyone else. This is what drink laws do for a town. There is plenty of drink to be had, and restaurants keep a good cellar of wines and beer. Spirits can be had from the Government Office in small quantities, but that isn't too difficult!. I went to one party last week which should have ended early. Then they got the party spirit. The Canadian will do anything but go to bed. A certain business man was called up. He refused to play on the grounds that it is indecent to talk on the telephone with no clothes on. Within ten minutes we were at his door. I liked his blue pyjamas. One of the raiders went straight to his "grip" and pulled out the bottles. And all after midnight in the bedroom of a quiet hotel! As one girl said, "What's the matter with a bedroom, anyway, unless you have a guilty mind?"

S

ONE walks in Montreal. One takes biscuits and coffee at Childs' or Bowen's—better than a coffee stall—and walking under the stars to the upper town one sees the mountain rising protectingly over all. As we leave the glitter of the streets the calm of the old French Canadian town takes hold of us again, a dozen church bells toll out the hour. Far away on the crest of the hill there rises the fiery cross, illuminated every night in perpetual memory of the vow of Sieur de Maisonneuve, the first settler, who carried a great cross to the mountain top in thanks for delivery from the flood that threatened to swamp the new colony in 1642.

Another view of the city of Montreal, with the river plainly visible in the middle distance. The photograph was taken from Mount Royal

S

HIGHER and higher we climb, and the lights recede till the stars rival the electric lights and the city sleeps. Lozeau, the French-Canadian poet, has described the city best:

D'une fenêtre, où brille un feu de lampe bleu,
Monte une exquise voix de femme, et, peu à peu,
Comme venant du fond de l'âme universelle,
Sincere, triste et lent, chante un violoncelle.

R. T.

A FILM STAR'S HOLLYWOOD PALACE

A corner of the palatial home of Dolores del Rio, the film star, showing a shady corner of the garden and part of the large verandah. The architecture is, as is only to be expected, Spanish in its design

The film star's bed-room, in which gold and silver shades predominate. The bed is carried out in carved Venetian walnut with a bedspread of old gold, and the walls and carpet are executed in tan. On the right is a recent photograph of the fair owner herself, who has returned to the studio after a year's absence owing to illness to make a new RKO-Radio picture called "The Dove"

IN SEARCH OF N

Snapped in a Devon coppice recently. A fine dog-

Hunting is once again in full swing, and, with well in the background, reports of good ru on this page are seen some of those who have

The Duchess of Beaufort at a meet of the Beaufort Hounds recently held at Newnton Lodge, Wiltshire. Before her marriage, in 1923, to the Duke, who is the Joint Master with Mr. H. C. Cox, she was Lady Mary Cambridge

The young entry: Master Edward Greenall, the three-year-old son of the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall. He is seen on the pony recently given to him and on which he is learning to ride

Lady Conyers arriving at the meet of the Belvoir, which was held at Thorpe Arnold. This famous hunt meets on four days a week

IN A LEICEST

The huge field which assembled for the opening moving off to the draw in Tilton Woods. Th the Mastership of

MASTER REYNARD

dog-fox about to break cover at the approach of hounds

vith sharp frost—that arch enemy of hunting folk—
runs are coming from all over the country, and
ave been actively engaged in the hunting-field lately

Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, at a meet of the famous Yorkshire hunt, the Bramham Moor, at Creshield Hall, near Otley. The Earl of Harewood and his brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, are Joint Masters

CESTERSHIRE LANE

ning meet of the Cottesmore at Tilton, near Leicester. The Cottesmore hunts fifty couple of hounds under of Mr. C. Hilton-Greene

Capt. Abel Smith and Lady May Abel Smith out hunting on their return from their honeymoon in Ireland. The photograph was taken at the meet of the Quorn at Keyworth, Nottinghamshire

The young entry: Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, at a recent meet of the Cottesmore. She made her hunting début this year

TWO TOPICAL AMERICAN RELEASES

(Left.) The speed-cop has a few words to say about the contents of the bottle found in the car in a scene from the RKO-Radio picture "Married in Haste." The passengers are Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien

(Above.) Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien in another scene from "Married in Haste." The love-interest, so important a factor to the financial success of films, has obviously not been forgotten

(Left.) Roland Young, Maude Eburne, and Lynn Fontanne in a scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "talkie," "The Guardsman." This is officially described as a "witty and saucy, rich and rare comedy," although actually it is too clever and subtle to merit such a label

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

GOOD SAFE JEWELLERY

by ERNEST POOLE

Out of a large Fifth Avenue shop, world-famous for its jewellery, marched a big, strong woman sternly gripping the small arm of a young and expensively dressed and softly pretty little blonde, who held a package in her hand. And, speaking low between set teeth, the angry older woman said:

"Forty-two hundred dollars on pearls! My brother will give you hell for this!" The little blonde looked up in dismay.

"Oh, Sally—do you really think?" she asked of her big sister-in-law.

"Think? I absolutely know it!" Sally gave a kind of a snort. "In these hard times—when my brother George is at his wits' ends for cash—to squander forty-two hundred on pearls!"

"But, darling—you don't understand. George isn't in trouble any more. He had some wonderful luck on the market—selling short, I think he called it—so we've plenty of money now. And really, dear, I can't see why, in these uncertain business days, I shouldn't invest a part of it in good safe jewellery," Amy said. And she added with a winning smile: "There are so many things that I don't know—and love to have you tell me about. But at least I know pearls—and these are too cheap for any words—marked down from seven thousand to five, and eight hundred off for paying cash."

"You little moron!" Sally groaned. For Sally was in the real estate business, and she knew the value of cash. Dropping in at the jeweller's to leave her wrist-watch to be cleaned, she had caught sight of Amy too late, for that immaculate young dame had just graciously signed her name to the cheque furnished by the clerk. And the cheque had been whisked away.

"You know what I advise you to do?" Sally's voice had an ominous ring. "Go home and look at your bank account! Remember what George said to you the last time you were overdrawn?"

And with this final thunderbolt, followed by another snort, Sally turned and strode away, buttoning up the jacket of her good plain business suit. As little Mrs. Rennels stood there gazing after her, some faint sign of thought appeared on her soft and lovely face.

"That's so, my bank account," she said. And memories came which brought alarm. "Oh, yes, I'd better go right home!" And home she went, in the chic town car which she still kept in spite of hard times; for, as she virtuously explained, it gave employment to the chauffeur, and that was important nowadays. Her apartment was as chic as the car, its smart Directoire furnishings giving it an elegance greatly envied by her friends. For Amy was no moron when it came to lovely things. In fact, her sure and faultless taste had even won the grudging praise of her grim, realtor sister-in-law.

"If you would only go to work," Sally had suggested, "and furnish a dozen apartments like this, I could rent 'em like hot cakes and we could split the profits. See?" But Amy had not seen at all. With a pitying smile she had answered:

"You can't do these things by the dozen, dear. This place is what it is because it reflects personality."

And Amy's apartments reflected her own; and in one room in particular the sex appeal was rather strong. She had been married only three years; and the marriage had come on the crest of the wave which George, a gay young stockbroker, was riding in his office downtown, riding for a heavy fall. In that last year of the bull market, doing a commission business and trading besides on his own account, he had seemed to breathe in money like air. And then Amy breathed it out for him, as though these twain had become one. For though she knew nothing about many things, Amy knew the highest paid and oldest art of womankind, the fine art of loving a man, with such refinements and subtleties, both in its tortures and its joys, as would have made her sister-in-law snort indignation to the skies. At night clubs Amy could dance like a dream of velvety and rhythmic grace, and there were partners, old and new, sharp jealousies on George's part and little scenes innumerable, with George worked up and George calmed down, George kept on the anxious seat and then requited in a manner that made life a bed of roses. George madly in love and proud of his home, and constantly skilfully drained of cash for furnishings, clothes, and jewellery. Indeed, their standard had soared so high that after the big crash in Wall Street it had been frightfully hard to come down. But Amy had done so, nevertheless. Always a sensible little soul, she had vowed that she would scrimp and save; and by strict economy she had brought expenses down to about twenty-five thousand a year. Still, she had found it difficult. At her bank three times she had overdrawn; and her cheque-book the last time was such a Chinese puzzle that the book-keeper in despair had gone to the bank manager, and that official had politely requested George to transfer her account. Her husband had done so, and had made a fresh start in another bank at one of their uptown branches not far from the Rennels' home. But George had distinctly blown up that night and said things Amy would never forget, and at the end of his masculine

Illustrated by LEO BATES

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

tirade he had issued an ominous threat in a low quivering deadly tone:

"If this thing happens once again I'll have to stop your credit at every retail shop in town!"

AMY knew about that, for it had happened to one of her friends not long ago. With an ease and a simplicity that had left his wife aghast, a certain beast of a husband had spoken a few quiet words to the Retail Stores Association. And life for that young woman had been simply hell ever since.

"Oh, no, I simply couldn't exist!" thought Amy, as she remembered it now. From a drawer in her small lacquer desk she took out her cheque book with a plump and trembling hand. There simply must be plenty, she thought. For her husband, barely a month ago, had made a big quick turn on the market, and had become to her vast delight once again the old generous George. Promptly and deftly availing herself of the opportunity, Amy had loved him that night in a way that had brought a five thousand dollar deposit the next morning at her new bank. By that time repenting a bit of his generosity, for he was still far from prosperous, George had warned her that this amount, with a thousand she already had, must not only pay the household bills till Christmas, but must also buy all of her winter clothes. She had been very careful since then, spending scarcely two thousand on gowns and, in addition, purchasing only half a dozen pairs of dainty boots and slippers and some other little things, filmy lacy underclothes and things she needed for their home. But it had been hard, for the great shops were offering such enticing bargains that more than once, as though choking for air, she had simply rushed for the street. To-day she had lingered, to-day she had listened, to-day the passion of her life had seized her and forced her to do its will. The affable salesman had said to her:

"Don't forget that in these uncertain times there is no safer investment than pearls."

And that had clinched it. With a swift and sunny smile, she had told him that of course he was right. But Amy was not so sure of it now. No, she had probably made a mistake. It took her some time to get any idea of just how big a mistake she had made, for her cheque book was precisely as much of a Chinese puzzle as before. But familiar with its intricacies, she came through its many twists and turns at last to the appalling truth. When the cheque for that pearl necklace was presented at her bank, she'd be eighteen hundred overdrawn! As she sat frowning at the book, quite unconsciously her small feet, in their trim gleaming patent leathers, began to make quick little nervous movements, rhythmic movements, dancing steps. For although she did not know it, Amy often thought that way. Then suddenly all motion stopped. Two pictures rose before her mind. One was of her husband's face the last time she had overdrawn; the other was a grim panorama of the city of New York as it would be if her credit were stopped, a torturing desert of a town, shops large and small, such heavenly shops, all heavens closed for evermore unless she entered them with cash, not one place in all New York where she could express herself, reflect her personality and then

remark with a gracious smile: "Just charge it, please, to my account."

The picture became horribly real, as she remembered what that same disaster had meant in the life of her friend.

"Oh, no, I simply couldn't! I'd have to leave him!" was her thought. But the mere idea of leaving George and turning to some other man, even though she was well aware that several would like his place, gave her a violent stab of pain, for she loved him to distraction still. What to do? Desperately racking that unused portion of her brain containing her ideas on finance, all at once a solution came, so simple that it was divine. Dismissing all anxiety, she drove in her immaculate car back to the big jewellery shop, with the handsome leather case containing her purchase of that day.

"I find I can't take it, after all," she pleasantly explained to the clerk. Smiling down at the necklace, that gentleman gave her quite a shock.

"But you have taken it," he replied.

"Oh, no, I've brought it back," she said.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Rennels, but it's too late, I'm afraid. Your cheque has already gone to the bank."

"Which bank?" Amy sharply gasped. He told her. It was not her own. And she breathed more easily. "Oh, then that's all right," she said, "for the money, you see, is still in mine." He tried to say something about that; but summoning to lips and eyes a look of friendly, intimate coaxing, with quite a tinge of sex appeal, which had never failed to miss its mark when aimed straight into masculine eyes, she asked him imploringly: "But even if it's as you say, can't you buy it back from me?" But the beast absolutely refused the bait. "We'd love to, Mrs. Rennels. You've been such a good customer. But we really can't, these days. Money is rather scarce, you see. I've just been hearing from a friend that they're having another panic down-town."

"She took up the receiver with a tense hand.
"'Amy!'"
"'George!'" An icy thrill passed down Amy's spinal column.

"How stupid of them," Amy said. She was wondering how long it would be till that cheque was presented at her bank. They would undoubtedly call up George, and she grew panicky at the thought. The jeweller talked smoothly on.

"But I'm sure you will never regret this purchase, Mrs. Rennels," he said. "It's another example of your fine taste. These pearls are worth seven thousand at least, and will certainly bring that price some day. And if you should happen meanwhile to be in any temporary need, you can so easily borrow on these."

"Borrow?" asked Amy. "Just how do you mean?" He explained, and gave her the address of a sort of pawnshop de luxe, frequented since the market crash by many giddy young wives of her kind. And Amy took her necklace there. In spite of its air of pseudo-refinement, she keenly disliked the place at once, and the pawnbroker most of all—until he offered to loan her two thousand dollars on the pearls. Then she beamed upon the man with a swift and deep relief. Nothing to worry about any more. Gone was her panic like a bad dream. Amy woke up and looked at the pearls. She had hated them a few moments ago, but she began to adore them now. Perfectly matched and of exquisite shade. She closed her eyes, and saw again just how effective they would be with one of her new evening gowns. How awful to have to leave them here! Looking up at the man who had offered a way out of her predicament, her detest for him returned. With this to fall back on, she asked herself, why not wait a little longer? So she coldly said to him:

"No, I think I'll wait a while."

"How about twenty-five hundred?" he asked.

"No, thank you!" Almost stamping her foot, she turned and went out of the shop. "The sheer impertinence of it!" she thought.

On reaching her apartment, she took off her street suit and began to dress for a luncheon, a backgammon party of intimate friends, where the stakes would probably be high. As some distracted people will go to bed and sleep on their worries, so Amy Rennels dressed on hers; for the process of dressing soothed her down and cleared her thoughts. It did to-day, and again she faced the situation, hunting for some way out of her trouble without the sacrifice of her pearls. She remembered what the jeweller's clerk had said of another panic down-town. Well, that did not frighten her much, for it was none of her concern; and, besides, she even saw a ray of hope in any such event. For, in some mysterious manner which she could never understand, she knew her husband had made money, even on such panic days, by a process which he described as "going short of the market." And, even if he were so stupid as not to do such a thing to-day, the panic would keep him busy a while. Yes, but if his affairs went all wrong, it would make him all the more dangerous when he learned the news from her bank. So what to do? Try as she would, she came back each time to a choice between two great disasters—give up that pearl necklace or risk having her credit stopped. Amy had finished dressing now; and, surveying her features in a glass, she applied a last delicate touch of rouge. Then she lifted the necklace reverently out of its case, and put it on. How well

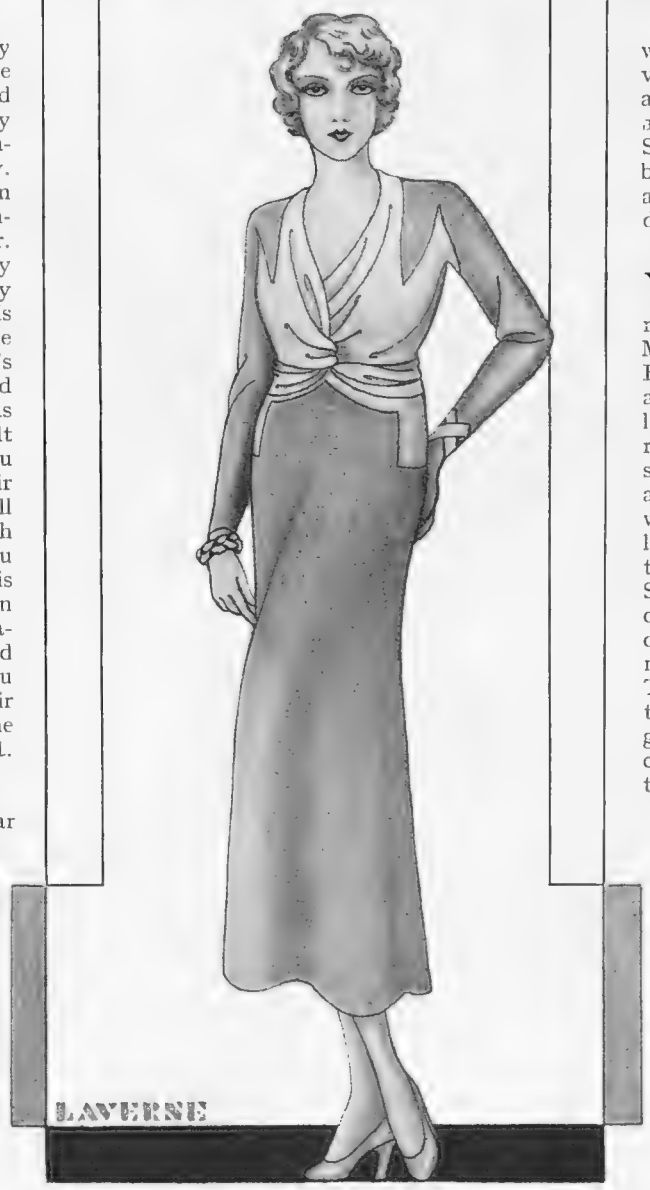
(Continued on page 410)

JANE GORDON WRITES ON THE FASHIONS OF THE WEEK

IF platinum blondes only realised how much trouble they cause their friends and admirers they would probably be even more pleased with themselves than they are already. When you meet a platinum blonde for the first time it is comparatively easy to deal with her. In due course you will naturally compliment her on her lovely hair, taking for granted that it is an "act of God," as the insurance companies say. But when one's friends who have previously had light brown hair appear as platinum blondes, a very difficult problem presents itself. If you do not compliment them on their coiffure, sooner or later they will become exceedingly peevish with you. If, on the other hand, you tell them how lovely their hair is looking, they will lead you on until you succumb to the temptation of mentioning dyeing, and then they will turn on you furiously and tell you that their hair has always been exactly the same colour as it is at the moment.

THE newest fashion is to wear your hair striped. Miss Gertrude Lawrence has a wide band of her mahogany hair dyed to a platinum blonde shade, and this she wears brushed across the top of her head. She was dancing a few nights ago at a night club, and, although the place was packed to the "teeth," she was undoubtedly the smartest woman there. Her black crêpe de Chine dress was cut on the simplest lines possible, with a deep V-shaped décolletage, and three rather limp-looking beige coloured roses at the centre back of the waist. She wore a kind of fob consisting of a rounded bar and a slim, cone-shaped drop of diamonds and rubies. This was pinned somewhere near the region of her right hip-bone.

THE most important part of an evening dress in these days is the black décolletage. Your gown may be as plain as you like—in fact, the plainer it is the better—so long as there is something original on your back. The most fashionable décolletage consists of shoulder straps about an inch wide that cross like apron strings over one's back, and are attached at the opposite side of the waist. Lady Seafield was dancing at Quaglino's the other evening in a black marocain dress of this description. One of the Ruthven twins (either Miss Ruthven or her married sister, for I can never tell them apart) was there the same evening wearing a dark emerald-green velvet evening dress with the apron-string back décolletage, and long green earrings to match. Several very wide, carved silver bracelets looked quite lovely against the emerald green of the dress.



THE WEEK'S SMARTEST DAY DRESS

Pale blue satin and a Rodier mixture of wool and silk in dark blue are used for this extremely useful day dress. The entwined bodice drapery forms a bow at the back and there is a cuff decoration of crossed-over bands of the satin

WOMEN'S taste in drink is certainly becoming more masculine. At the presentation of Mrs. Humphrey's dress show in Berkeley Square, trays of light and dark sherry and plates of little cheese biscuits were handed round in place of the usual rather syrupy cocktails that one expects at this kind of entertainment. It was an exceedingly good collection, which included several of the new shaded evening dresses. Some were in velvet and others in chiffon. Dressmakers in these days are employing much larger mannequins than they used to. The reason for this is that customers like to buy the model gowns, and they have more chance of getting into them when the mannequins are large.

A FAMOUS dressmaker, who has a genius for salesmanship, has one method of selling his clothes that never fails. He has a gown made up to the exact measurements of a rich client. He then telephones to her and says that there is a gown in his collection that is absolutely perfect for her. Will she come and see it? The garment is then tacked up to fit the mannequin, who parades in it in front of the customer. The lady in question protests that she cannot possibly get into it, but she is assured that she is not nearly so large as she thinks she is. While she is disrobing in the fitting room, the gown is hastily untacked, and to her surprise and joy, when she tries it on, it fits her perfectly.

THERE is a curiously Parisian atmosphere about the Monseigneur grill room. Perhaps it is the lighting, or the way the room is arranged, or the waiters that give one this impression. Even the people sitting

(Continued on page 394)

Sasha

MADELEINE CARROLL

The stage and screen star, as she appears in the first scene of "Little Catherine," produced at the Phœnix Theatre on November 18. This comedy, from the French of Alfred Savoir, is by Virginia and Frank Vernon

THE FASHIONS OF THE WEEK (continued from page 392)

around the tables look as if they were in Paris for the week-end. You know that look? A dark, slim little woman was dining there the other evening dressed in a navy blue flannel coat and skirt. The coat buttoned right up to her throat, and she wore over it a long diamond and sapphire necklace with an enormous sapphire and diamond pendant. Her navy blue beret had a large diamond brooch and wide diamond bracelets flashed on her arms. Lady Bridget Parsons was with a party at another table, wearing a green coat and skirt and a crocheted cap on the back of her head. Another very smart woman wore a dress in two shades of blue. The bodice, which looked almost like a blouse, was in pale blue satin, while the long sleeves and skirt were of a dark blue silk-and-wool mixture.

GIRLS of eighteen and nineteen are having things all their own way in these days. They are proving that it is quite possible to "have your cake and eat it"! During the season they "come out" as débutantes, and between seasons, instead of going back again as the conventional "Deb" should do, leaving the field of London night life to the young married women, they remain as much in the foreground as ever. These girls are not only exceedingly pretty, but they have the audacity to be just as well dressed and as smartly groomed as the young married women.

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM, who is one of the prettiest girls in London, was at a party this week-end in a charming brown lace dress. The lace, which was very fine, had a pattern of small butterflies and was worn over a blue satin slip. A narrow waistband of pink and blue satin was placed very high, and the shoulder flounce of lace had a border of pink and blue satin butterflies appliquéd on to the lace.

IN spite of all the talk there has been about the revival of bygone fashions, very few women are wearing picturesque clothes even at night. And yet some of these dresses are most attractive. Lady Oxford and Asquith was at a party a few nights ago in the gown she wore at the opening of Parliament. It is made of very stiff magnolia satin duchess arranged in a horseshoe drapery at the front that continues into a bustle effect at the back. The waist-low décolletage is V-shaped, and the dress is worn with a little Kolinsky shoulder cape. This whole costume is reminiscent of 1880.

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

Was seen at a recent party wearing this dress of magnolia-coloured English-made satin draped into a bustle bow. Below on the left is seen the little Kolinsky cape made to wear with the dress, which was designed by the leading Grosvenor Street dressmaker

A REALLY charming fashion that is being revived is that of the gauze handkerchief. Lady Joan Villiers was one of the first to use these in the evening. They are made in two sizes, and are white with wide borders formed of a dozen or more narrow lines in black or in any of the pale colours. Miss Olive Rubens, the singer, was wearing the most amusing necklace at Lady Hadfield's dance the other night. It was made of chunky-looking bobbles covered with little bits of looking-glass. Another attractive necklace was worn by Mrs. Brocklehurst. This one was as old-fashioned as Miss Rubens' necklace was modern, and consisted of round carved gold plaques studded with pearls and rubies.

J. G.

HOLLYWOOD STARS & Their Hobbies

Right : Helen Mack, the young Fox star, demonstrating her version of a forehand drive par excellence on a tennis court near her Beverley Hills home. It will be noticed that she wears shoes with heels, a lawn tennis fashion peculiar to Hollywood

Below : Dorothy Mackaill, the British film actress, who is one of the leading stars of First National and Vitaphone in Hollywood. Whether the fact that she was married recently, despite having said she was done with men, has any bearing on her choice of a hobby is somewhat problematical

John Boles, the Universal star, finds plenty of recreation from film work by riding. Although the camera man was conveniently handy to take this picture, he rides for pleasure as well as for publicity

BRIGHTON SOCIETY'S ARABIAN NIGHTS

NO place is more indefatigable in its efforts on behalf of Charity than is Brighton, and every year it raises very big sums for the many deserving concerns on behalf of which it interests itself. Brighton's latest charitable activities were in aid of the Royal Sussex Hospital, and many well-known people took active parts in the Arabian Night's Bazaar and Pageant held last week at the Dome. On this page are seen some of the performers in the Pageant arrayed in full war-paint, and it is good to know that the hospital benefited considerably by the efforts of all who worked so hard to make the event the real success it was

Mr. G. Gardner, as the Robber Chief, threatens the Chief Singer (Miss Celia Cavendish), who refuses to take his dire threats too seriously. In the centre is another of the performers, Miss Pamela Curzon. Miss Cavendish and Miss Pamela Curzon are the daughters of the late Miss Isabel Jay, the well-known actress

Mrs. Alec Holden, the producer, receives a little final assistance with her head-dress from Mr. Lord

Lady Head and Mr. Rushbridge, who made a duly imposing couple as the Emperor and Empress of China

Some more of the performers who took part in the Arabian Nights Pageant in aid of the Royal Sussex Hospital. Among those who played leading rôles were Miss Roberts, Mr. Roache, Mrs. Poole, Miss C. Leaver, Captain Maskell, the Hon. Joan Ogilvie-Grant and Lord Strathspey

BRIGHTON OF THE HOUR

IT'S ALL very well wrapping the Union Jack around us and staying at home this winter, but if we have to write off the foreign resorts let us write in our own with as gay a pattern as possible of the red, white and blue.

Because the £ stands at sixteen shillings across the Channel, there's no need to blink the fact that the foreigner knows how to sell his holiday resorts second to none. And he doesn't have to compete with a puritanical element that would drive the Angel Gabriel to spend his holidays in Hades, so that when an English resort can show the vitality, the feeling, the spice of a continental playground, it's a very great achievement. It's something just near a miracle. Actually, it's just near London. It's Brighton.

I'm not handing it to Brighton because it's British, but because it knows its business, which is selling holiday space. Maybe you've not been back there lately. Nor had I until a year ago—since when I've been often. On first returning I was full of foreign prejudice, for let me say that I have done the snob's grand tour of the continental plages: but I found a gay Brighton, gay to the eye and gay to the touch, a Brighton with a snack of continental vivaciousness, doubtless inherited from George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert, but no matter whether it comes from the distaff or the seaside, it's got it.

Last week-end there happened to be four M.P.'s staying in my hotel, for what that is worth. During the day two went golfing (there are nine courses in the immediate vicinity of Brighton and Hove) one went hunting (it may have been the Crawley and Horsham, the Eridge or the Southdown) one went thundering over the Downs to do the windmills across the lovely stretch of Down country, and two wives stayed at home for the enjoyment of a Turkish bath. And in the evening one took in a cinema, another a theatre, one played bridge and the fourth did his duty by his daughters and danced. So did I, for I went to the Regent. They dance there, and Piccadilly has nothing on the pace of their enjoyment. All of which is but proof of Brighton's entertainment capacity.

Another Brighton achievement is its triumph over the traditional English Sunday. There are other things to do than eat crumpets in the afternoon. We suffer sufficient penance for six days, without making a week of it. Though there are more churches to the square mile than at any other seaside town, you can discover first-class music in the new concert hall of the Aquarium. Paderewski has played there, and a future date I am looking forward to among many fine artists is that of Jan Smeterlin, superb and unique of pianists. And cinemas are open. Likewise, there is an oyster bar and with all the social dash of Cannes Casino. It is Cheesman's, and directed by none other than Captain Buckmaster (of Buck's Club, London, England), and husband of the lovely Nellie Taylor. I saw Sir Robert Horne there last week-end slipping down the bivalves.

Whereas some resorts have increased their prices on account of the anticipated boom in home-towns, Brighton is backing economy. The Metropole, for instance, is making a really irresistible offer of bedroom, breakfast and dinner plus first-class season ticket to town for an inclusive rate of £1 a day for one month. What reply can the foreigner make to that?

As all know, it is the most easily accessible of seaside towns, one hour by train and one and a half by car, though Brighton's particular form of traffic control is a mystery to me. Just how to get past their policemen requires the deductive powers of Sherlock Holmes. Maybe it's just a plan to keep people from ever leaving.

Brighton, of all English resorts, can make a long nose at continental pleasure spots. What town outside Paris has 150 hairdressers? And the answer's Brighton. Also, when you've taken your fill of golf, tennis, professional football, greyhound racing, 5 theatres, 15 cinemas, two piers, and Volk's electric railway, there is always Harry Preston. What more could you ask? It's true, if you want to go "native," gaily go to Brighton.

R.V.

Glimpses of "London-on-Sea" with accompanying observations by Richard Viner

SHOOTING NOTES

HINDS and HIND SHOOTING

By "Clodhopper"

Hay Wrightson

SIR JOHN DEWRANCE

Of Wretham Hall, Thetford, one of the foremost authorities on deer-stalking in the country

IN comparison with the more orthodox and infinitely more costly sport of deer stalking proper, very little is either told or written about hind shooting, which opened in the Highland forests on or about the November 10. A hind, unlike her lord and master the red stag, carries no trophy, unless her slot or pelt may be regarded as such. Nor, generally speaking, is her venison of very much account from an epicure's point of view. Still, when the first fall of snow has driven the ladies of the herd down from the higher hills to the glens and corries there is a wonderful fascination in hind shooting, especially to a keen sportsman well versed in woodcraft, and blessed by Nature with a love of the wild. It has, too, the advantage of being a form of stalking within the reach of many of us whose means—or, rather, lack of 'em—preclude the renting of even the most modest of deer forests.

IN any case, an annual pruning down of the superfluous stock of hinds is essential in the majority of forests. The same remark applies also to the larger herds of park-fed red deer throughout the country, and, incidentally, to the more ornamental foreign species of deer, including the fallow and Japanese varieties. Even as a grouse moor or partridge manor may be improved by a timely and judicious thinning off of old barren birds, so, too, may the sporting value of a deer forest be enhanced by the elimination of old and undesirable animals, weedy specimens of all ages, and yeld-hinds that incline more towards weight than milk and calf-bearing.

ALTHOUGH hinds are in excellent condition from the second week of November to the earlier part of February, they should not, I think, be killed much later than Christmas. Nor should a novice, unless accompanied by an experienced stalker or keeper, be permitted to shoot them at any time. An expert knows at a glance what to kill and what to spare, and, if required to do so, he will give the coup de grâce to any deer which the tyro may be unfortunate enough to wound.

IN shooting hinds for the larder, fat, light-flanked beasts, with short, sleek, slate-coloured coats, are usually singled out. These are probably yelds which have failed to drop a calf during the year, and should therefore be weeded out. The deep-flanked chestnut-brown animals, on the contrary, will have faithfully performed their maternal obligations, and must be spared to carry on the good and necessary work of propagation. It seems rather waste of time, perhaps, to mention that whenever possible "ancient," undersized, and misshapen hinds should be brought down by the rifle. But a Scottish friend tells me that he has observed, in a certain famous Inverness-shire forest, an unusual number of what he pawkily describes as "rusty and shaggy-coated auld hearthrugs posing as bonnie Hieland hinds."

ON the other hand many a cervine matron continues to contribute to the strength of the herd until she is well advanced in years. A hind of normal physique begins to breed as a two-year-old, May being the month in which she generally drops her calf. One occasionally sees a hind, or a fallow doe, with a pair of calves, or fawns at side. But one of the latter is almost invariably an adopted "child," as female deer of any kind very rarely produce twins.

THE photograph accompanying these Notes depicts the rather handsome, but nevertheless malformed, horns of a Wollaton Park stag recently submitted to me for inspection. Normally this deer would have carried a fine "full head," with a spread of 29 inches, and circumference of beam between "bez" and "trez" of 5½ inches. As clearly shown by the photograph, however, both horns carry an extra "trez," the abnormal tine in either case being straighter, longer, and of greater girth than the normal one. Close examination of the left horn reveals a puncture near the base of the natural "trez" point, which might, perhaps, have been caused by a glancing bullet from a small-calibre rifle. An old deer stalker of my acquaintance suggests that the injury might have been responsible for the double "trez" on the near-side horn, the other malformation being of sympathetic growth. But stags shed their horns, and, therefore, this strikes me as being improbable. It is known, however, that head and neck wounds will sometimes affect the growth and formation of horns in a stag or buck.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

DON'T ALARM THE FOX

THE gamekeeper is perhaps even more anxious than his master that when hounds draw his coverts the visit shall not be paid in vain. Many are the devices he adopts to shelter what would be regarded as vermin, except that it ministers to a sister sport—one of the great three which none shall attempt to set in order of precedence. Recently the practice of keeping foxes safely in their earths on shooting occasions has been condemned because their absence might receive a wrong interpretation. Better, the argument goes, let the foxes show themselves at the risk of spoiling the beat than be suspected of vulpicide. There would be no harm to speak of in allowing the foxes to be above ground if beaters, guns and all others participating in the shoot were warned beforehand to suppress the desire to utter those peculiar noises which bespeak familiarity with horseflesh and so allow the intruder to slink away according to instinct. The harm is done when a fox gets chivied from one part of the beat to another, becomes confused when finding itself ringed by hostile voices, and so gravitates to the quietest spot where the pheasants have been carefully shepherded. These also are in a nervy condition and when they find an enemy in their midst break off in all directions, the majority being lost for the day.

WITH THE GUNS AT TWO SHOOTS

Members of the shoot given recently by Brigadier-General Sir William Bromley-Davenport at Capesthorne Hall, Chelford. The group shows, from left to right, Lord Brownlow, Colonel Ridley, Sir William Bromley-Davenport, Sir Grey Skipwith, Lady Skipwith, Mr. Kinloch, the Earl of Albemarle, and Sir Philip Grey-Egerton

A photograph taken at the shoot given by Mr. J. Murray at Wrest Park, near Bedford. The group comprises Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray, Sir Walter and Lady Carlile, Col. Stevens, Lieut. R. Slack, R.N., Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Duff, Miss C. Craven, and Capt. J. Whitehouse

Brig.-Gen. Sir William Bromley-Davenport bringing one down during the shoot he held at Capesthorne Hall, Chelford, Cheshire. He is Lord Lieutenant for Cheshire and Honorary Colonel of the Staffordshire Yeomanry (T.D.)

FLYING NOTES

FLYING BECOMES A COUNTY AFFAIR

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

A few hints from the instructor at Hanworth Park on how to manage an Autogyro. The King of the Belgians made a flight in one of these windmill 'planes some little time ago and was much impressed

Around the Clubs

LT.-COMMANDER HARRIES has obtained his "A" licence with the "Cinque Ports" at Lympne, where many new members are in training at the present time, including Mr. C. J. Berry, who is already a private owner. Members of the "Bristol and Wessex," which uses the local airport, find the services of the "Airwork" branch most useful when it is a matter of repairing or overhauling their own machines. The Club possesses an excellent magazine, *Wessex Airways*, a squash court, and organises social events at frequent intervals. With municipal airports at Plymouth and Cardiff, and a friendly landing place at Yeovil, the West Country is well supplied with objectives for short cross-country flights. If you live near Northampton and need convincing that you ought to join the local flying club, buy at once a copy of the "Sywell Windstocking," dated November, through Mr. S. P. Tyzack, of Towcester!

The subscription for flying members is three guineas, and the club owns three Gipsy Moths with well-furnished premises on Sywell Aerodrome. Most people who fly for the fun of the thing must have seen the *Elevator*, the journal of the Lancashire Club, but, if not, I must recommend the latest issue. Ever since it was originally produced, the *Elevator* has been noted for two things—the soundness of its views on serious problems affecting the clubs and private owners, and its humour.

Buy British!

As far as flying is concerned, there should be no difficulty about supporting the home industry. British light aeroplanes, in particular, have been proved superior to those of any other country, added to which the majority of them are cheaper than anything at all comparable which can be purchased abroad. At the time the late Commander Glen Kidston made his flight to Cape Town in a Lockheed "Vega," it was thought that his time of 6½ days would remain a record for a very long time, and yet it was beaten handsomely by a British Puss Moth at the beginning of the month. It is true that the "Vega" took less flying hours for the journey, and is a type which can carry quite a big load of mail, but the Puss Moth is also excellent as a mail carrier with a single pilot, besides being infinitely cheaper to operate.

The clean lines of an American high-speed mail carrier are well illustrated by the late Commander Glen Kidston's "Vega," seen above. Machines of this type are in demand in the Dominions and Colonies

Carrying the Mails

IF there is any one type of machine which has not been properly developed over here it is the high-speed mail carrier, and by high speed I mean something which cruises comfortably at 150 miles an hour or more. In the United States there are a dozen different machines with this performance, built to cope with the vast distances that have to be covered in competition with fast trains. Whilst there has been no immediate demand in England for a mail carrier, as such, manufacturers have neglected it, and they are just beginning to realise their mistake. In India, Australia, South and Central Africa, to mention only big countries where British interests predominate, the fast mail 'plane is needed urgently. Unless we can produce the goods before the end of next year American firms will get the orders without competition. Messrs. A. V. Roe have built one high-speed model which seems quite successful, but we need variety in order to secure the best results. At the present time our mails for India and Africa are carried in multi-engined machines, designed especially for the comfort and safety of passengers, but there are signs that the two principal classes of air traffic will be separated very shortly, with consequent benefit as regards speed to the mails.

For Hire or Reward

THE Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire, which will become well known in course of time simply as the "Air Pilots," is holding its annual meeting to-morrow at the Mercers' Hall. The usual rites of a City Guild will be performed, followed by a presentation of the Johnston Memorial Trophy to Mr. F. C. Chichester. The Guild's membership is such that it represents all that is best in British commercial aviation, and every professional pilot ought to be associated with it. Not only can it assist them to improve their status, but it is of great value to employers who want to obtain qualified men.

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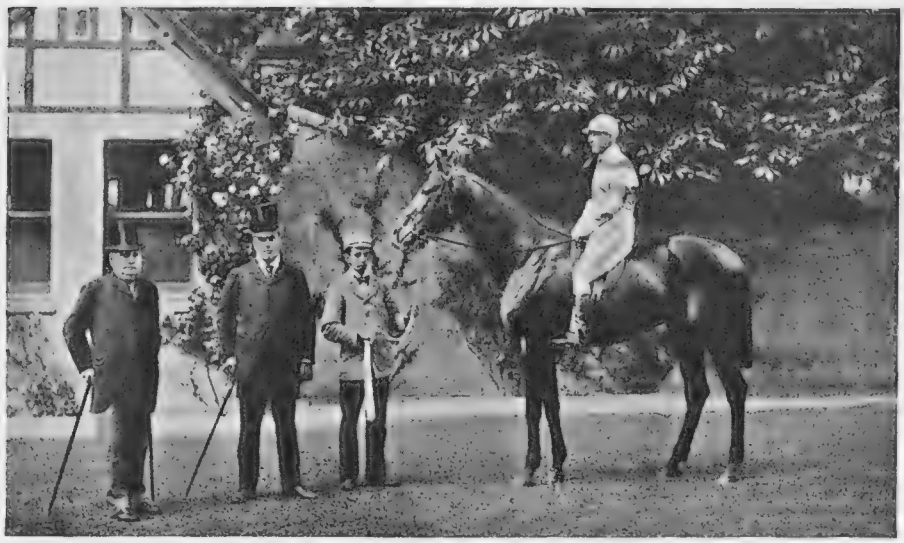
BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A Mystery of Lord Rosebery

By "Junius"



LADAS, 1894

A photograph from the second volume of "Lord Rosebery," by the Marquess of Crewe, K.G., showing, from left to right, Matthew Dawson, Lord Rosebery and J. Watts, the jockey

All the fairies were at the cradle of the late Lord Rosebery. He had wit, wealth, birth, good looks, and intellectual gifts that would have made him pre-eminent amongst his fellows in any walk of life. At the early age of forty-seven he became Prime Minister after a brilliant Parliamentary career in which he had served as Foreign Minister under Gladstone. An even more brilliant career seemed to lie before him. After four months of office his Government was defeated and he retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party, thereafter only to emerge at intervals from his seclusion.

This brilliant statesman and great aristocrat was a mystery to his contemporaries. It was hoped that the biography which it was known was being written by his son-in-law, the Marquess of Crewe, would lift the veil. But in *Lord Rosebery* (Murray: 2 vols., £2 2s.) Lord Crewe admits: "He remains something of an enigma to those who knew him best." The actual cause of his early retirement from politics was always supposed to be the insomnia from which he suffered for over thirty years. "Four hours sleep was the most he ever got, and it was often not more than two or three." Another reason given was his profound dislike of our party system.

Lord Crewe has been inspired by his subject, and has written one of the best biographies of modern times. Lord Rosebery touched life at many points, and in dealing with each one his biographer has shown the Lord Rosebery known both to his contemporaries and to his family, and the world in which he lived. But the mystery still remains. The death of Lord Rosebery's grandson, Lord Dalmeny, at the time of the publication of this book invests it with a pathetic interest, as there were indications that the grandson had many of the abilities of the grandfather.

LORD ROSEBERY ABOUT 1911

Another illustration from the life of Lord Rosebery, by the Marquess of Crewe. It is published by John Murray in two volumes at the price of £2 2s.

We are to have another trilogy from Mr. J. D. Beresford. His first, *Jacob Stahl*, concerned the life of only one character and that up to the age of forty, but *The Old People* (Collins: 7s. 6d.) is the first part of the history of the Hillington family through three generations. This first volume is as leisurely as the Victorian period it depicts—the second half of the nineteenth century.

The Hillingtons had lived at Middlethorpe for many generations, undistinguished members of the smaller country gentry. Miles Hillington, an amiable, undecided man is considered to have married beneath him in taking to wife a lawyer's daughter. Mrs. Hillington, a lady of great decision and combative instinct, fights for, and wins, a place in what in those days was a sacrosanct circle—county society.

They have three sons and a daughter. Bob, the eldest son, is a typical squire-to-be; Owen is more complex. Babs, the daughter, has all her mother's determination in getting her own way, and in order to marry a gentleman-farmer runs away with him. The characters are admirably drawn, and move in a world of yesterday so definitely and clearly that the reader goes with them step by step through their lives.

Whether you are opposed to capital punishment or not, you will find an absorbing problem in *Beyond Hell* (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.), by Stephen McKenna. The scene is laid ten years ahead when all the nations have decided on the abolition of the death penalty. Convicted murderers are sent for the rest of their lives to a penal settlement in the Southern Pacific—Sunday Island—which is governed and garrisoned by Americans. As one of the characters, a young Englishman sent there for murder, describes it, Sunday Island is "Beyond hell."

Parts of the story are stark horror, but seeing the elements of which the colony is formed, and the methods employed in their repression, the revolution on the island is only a natural outcome. The crux arrives after the revolution when a governing authority has to be created—a point overlooked by the insurgents. With pitiless logic, Professor Dixon, the teller of the story, strips murderers of their glamour and exposes the fallacies of would-be humanitarians. Mr. McKenna does not answer the question raised by this powerful novel. After the revolution the world ignores Sunday Island, leaving the criminals to fend for themselves. But this, perhaps, is his answer to the flood of sentimentality which brought the colony into being. A remarkable and arresting book.

Then, with *Underworld: The Biography of Charles Brooks, Criminal* (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d.), by Trevor Allen, we have the reverse side of the medal—the making of the criminal and the criminal's life. Charles Brooks was a thief and a burglar, and at one period something infinitely worse. But as Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the Metropolitan magistrate, says in his foreword, that

(Continued on page 410)

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DOGS

SENSE OR SENTIMENTALITY? By Lady Kitty Ritson

CAPTAIN HOBBS is a man who writes more sense about dogs than anybody I have ever met, and not only sense, but literature. I have been reading one of his articles in a daily paper, and I was much struck by his arguments on the subject of doggy sentiment versus sentimentality. It is true enough that there is an enormous amount of mushy sentimentality talked and also written about dogs, and personally I know of nothing more annoying than a story where the animals are made to talk and act as if they were human beings. No animal reasons or thinks like a human being, and we can only guess and make deductions as to the reasons for their behaviour; we can never assume with any justification that they are acting in a given manner, because we should do the same.

IT is the sentimentality of many people that has caused others to dislike dogs, for it aggravates them to have animals thrust down their throats, so to speak, on every occasion. Horse-lovers rarely lose their heads over horses, and yet an Arab can be as affectionate and as docile as a dog, and I have owned a South African pony that I loved as well as any dog I have ever known. I love dogs tenderly, but I trust I have never been sentimental about them and caused other people to dislike them, although I must confess that, when I meet somebody who volunteers the information that they "hate" dogs, I am rather inclined to adopt an extravagant attitude of adoration.

CHAMPION FAY

This Champion whippet bitch was bought in a saddler's shop and has since been sensationally successful when shown

I SHOULD like to compile a list of "don'ts" for dog-lovers, and amongst the prohibited acts would be (1) Giving dogs plates to lick in public restaurants; (2) kissing their noses and letting them lick one's face; (3) allowing them to lie on sofas or chairs, and letting them annoy friends by putting their paws on their laps, and so on. The curious thing is that many of the people who sin in this manner are very negligent about giving their dogs proper exercise, and in providing them with suitable benches on which to lie protected from all draughts.

HALF their indulgence comes from sheer laziness, not from kindness, and it is their behaviour which makes so many enemies for dogs. If you are not willing to take your dog for a good walk, either because it is wet or because you have something more amusing to do, then you are not fit to own a dog, and you do not prove yourself a dog-lover because you allow him to snap at visitors and tradesmen and generally make himself a nuisance. You are shirking your responsibilities and are merely being selfish and lazy.

AT intervals there are hysterical outbursts in the Press about women who prefer petted lap-dogs to babies, and who lavish their love on Mexican hairless dogs rather than on bald infants. That is all nonsense. Believe me, those women wouldn't love their babies, if they had them, any better than they do their dogs They are merely naturally worthless characters who love only self-advertisement.

THE majority of women who have raised sons and daughters who have been a credit to England have raised them along with a terrier or two and a spaniel, and both children and dogs have been properly loved and spanked, when necessary. You can love your children, you can love your husband, and yet you can love your dogs, and it is perfect nonsense to pretend that one has to suffer because of the other.

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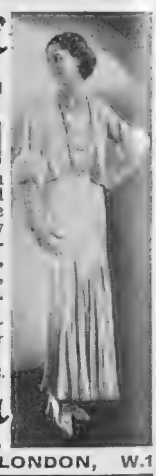

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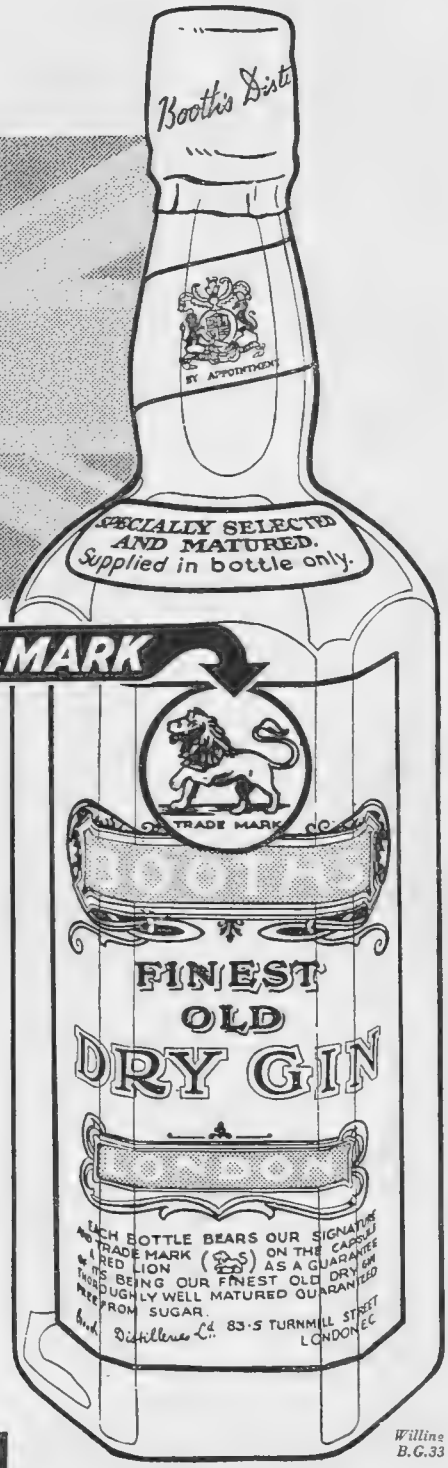

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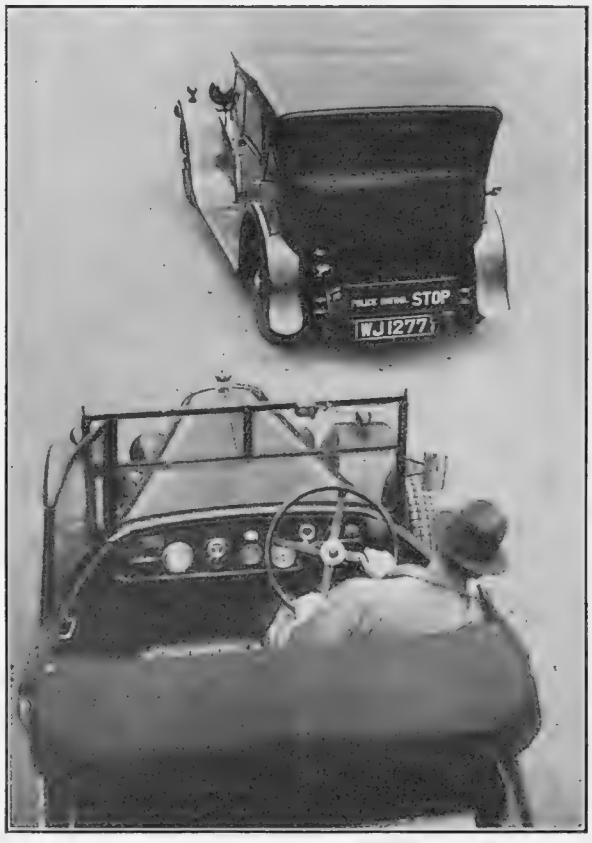
MOTOR NOTES

Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the world's land speed record, at the wheel of the 10 h.p. Rolls-Royce made in 1903 and owned by Sir John Prestige, which he drove in the recent Veteran Cars' run from London to Brighton. The car behaved splendidly and averaged 23 m.p.h.

LOOK TO YOUR LIGHTS

By E. M. WRIGHT

EVERY motorist on the roads is for ever grumbling about dazzle. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his grouse is justified. Far too often, however, driver No. 1 is as great an offender as driver No. 2. Many, I am afraid, sin as much as they are sinned against. The truth is that few motorists understand how to set their lights, and fewer still take the trouble to do so. By ensuring that your lights are properly adjusted you help yourself as well as the other fellow. Properly adjusted head lights will not only reduce dazzle to the minimum, but will actually give you yourself a better driving light. It is the commonest sight to see cars with their head lights so badly set that the beams shoot upwards and light the tops of the telegraph poles, and, ultimately, when the oncoming car draws near enough, flash a blinding glare straight into the driver's eyes. A minute's reflection is enough to convince you of the utter uselessness of such illumination. You want to see the road, not the tree tops.



The first Mobile Police patrol signal, devised by the Sheffield police, pulling up a motorist. The letters remain invisible until a switch on the dashboard of the police car is depressed

EACH of the two head lights has its special function. The right-hand, or off-side, light is, so to speak, your distance light. It should give a long, narrow, pencil-like beam and should point straight ahead and very slightly downwards, so that it meets the road, say, eighty yards ahead. The left hand, or near-side light, however, should have a comparatively broad beam, so that it lights up the whole of your side of the road immediately in front of you. Furthermore, it should be deflected downwards and to the left, so that it picks up the near-side kerb well ahead of the car, and does not dazzle others. Setting your lights is not at all a difficult job. As everyone knows, or ought to know, most lamps are mounted on a ball joint and can thus —within limits—be moved up or down or to the left or right. Correct adjustment is, of course, a matter of trial and error; hence it is essential to do the work after dark when you can see exactly where the beam is being thrown.

ALTHOUGH there are literally hundreds of anti-dazzle devices on the market, the best is but a more or less satisfactory compromise. Experts themselves admit that, so far, no one has invented a light which will fully illuminate the road for some distance ahead without at the same time dazzling an oncoming driver. Dipping head lights, in their opinion, offer the best solution so far devised. Frankly, in my own experience, certain types of dipping head lights are definitely dangerous. I speak particularly of the system where the off-side light is switched off and the near side light is thrown sharply downwards and to the left. This light may overcome dazzle, but it leaves *you* almost blind. The only part of the road you can see at all well is the left-hand kerb. You would not, for instance, pick up a cyclist in dark clothing until you were within ten yards of him, and then only if he were well into the side of the road.

IF your car is fitted with a dipping device of this kind, the best advice I can give you is—don't use it. Put the reflector dipping mechanism out of action. If this is done, all the light you lose is that of your off-side head lamp which is, of course, switched off as before. This off-side light, set to point straight ahead, should be the more powerful light of the two. Its main purpose is to give you a good long-distance light for fast motoring on country roads. As a matter of fact, I have found the one light on the near side sufficient for most purposes, even in the country. I regard my off-side light as being in the nature of an emergency lamp to be used only in exceptional circumstances.

I WAS, by the way, somewhat surprised to find a 1932 model of one of our most popular baby cars fitted with a type of dipping mechanism that is utterly useless—and it is the "latest thing!" Both beams are dipped, so much so that it is utterly impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. This dipping system is, in fact, a copy of that which made American head lights a by-word of inefficiency a few years ago. On most American cars the system has already been discarded, and I never expected it to be resurrected in this country. Let us imitate and improve upon American ideas, but why adopt ideas that are out of date? This is hardly progress.

(*Continued on page 408*).

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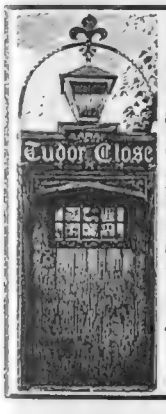

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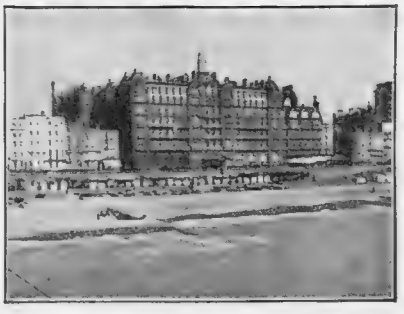
To those who want first-class accommodation at home instead of going abroad

WINTER AT BRIGHTON



OVERLOOKING THE WEST PIER

THE SEVEN GUINEA WEEK.
Inclusive of Season Ticket.

This remarkable offer is made in connection with a minimum stay of one month, and includes First Class Season Ticket to London for one month, Room, Bath, Full Breakfast, Dinner, use of Turkish Baths, Dancing, etc.

Minimum Inclusive Rate for one week's stay from 6½ guineas (exclusive of Xmas, Easter and Whitsun).

TENNIS . DANCING . MOTORING
GOLF . TURKISH & RUSSIAN BATHS

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MANAGING DIRECTOR FRANCIS TOWLE.

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Facing directly on to the Sea Front.

Famous for its Comfort and for the unvarying excellence of its Food.

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Telephone - - Brighton 3482.

Sporting Prints.

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 406)

The Hillman Vortic 8-cylinder Saloon, the price of which has been reduced to £375. This represents remarkrble value among 20-h.p. cars of high quality

IN THE NEWS

The Hillman Vortic

Within the last two weeks we have personally tested two new types of cars, and readers may be interested to hear about them. The first was the Hillman Vortic, the 20 h.p. eight-cylinder car, of which so much has been heard. The Vortic possesses four speeds with a silent third, which will accelerate up to 50 m.p.h., and on top speed we reached seventy over the Hog's Back, which is no mean performance. It is one of the handsomest cars, with a long wheelbase, a saloon coachbuilt body, painted black and red exteriorally, and with red upholstery, although there is a large range of colours to suit purchasers. The dashboard contains every possible gauge required, and in traffic the car can be driven noiselessly at five miles an hour on third gear. At the price, £375, there is nothing to beat it on the market, for it is fast, silent, economical to run, and looks, as it is, a real luxury carriage.

A Standard of Note

The other car was the Standard Big Nine four-cylinder, capable of developing 26 h.p. The bodywork is coachbuilt with pressed-steel panelling, a sliding roof, which enables it to be converted to an open car by a mere flick. It possesses a four-speed gear box with a silent third, and although the car was driven for fifty miles each way, with four passengers up, all men with golf clubs, this marvellous and handsome little car, costing only £205, consuming petrol at not more than a gallon for every thirty miles, easily reached the speed of 50 m.p.h. An ideal car for town and country use.

Safety Buying

Recently I urged the wisdom of using only the oils sold by one or other of the big national concerns. For very much the same reasons you ought to buy a national brand of petrol. Cheap, inferior petrol, like cheap oil, can do very serious damage to the engine. There is no guarantee at all as to its quality. Despite the extra cost, it pays in the long run to buy a well-known brand. The name is a guarantee that you will not be sold rubbish, whilst in the second place, the national concerns alone are large enough and wealthy enough to afford thorough-going scientific research. Those who doubt the importance f scientific research in the preparation of motor fuels ought to read some of the interesting little brochures which the big petrol companies issue. I have before me one prepared by the B.P. Company. It is quite an interesting, man-in-the-street treatise on what good petrol ought to do, and by implication is a warning against false economy.

Two Years' Progress

Striking figures showing the growth of their business during the past two years have just been issued by the Vauxhall Motor Company. In 1929 they were turning out 100 large cars a month. To-day their output is about 1,500 cars and trucks a month. This expansion is due largely to the popularity of the "Cadet," the medium-sized six-cylinder model which was first introduced about fifteen months ago. A new and most attractive feature of the 1932 version of the "Cadet" is the synchro-mesh gear box which, in addition to providing a silent second, enables even a novice to change gear silently and easily.

Tramlines Are Useful

Only a little while ago local motorists were rejoicing at the abolition of tramlines in Kingston and Surbiton. I am amused, however, to read in a paper which has for years suffered from a violent anti-tram complex remarks which read very like a lament for the "good old days." It is pointed out that the absence of tramlines robs the motorist of a handy guide in foggy weather. Driving, it is said, has deteriorated. Now that the roads are no longer divided by tramlines overtaking motorists have apparently no hesitation in driving right over to the wrong side to pass another vehicle.

E. M. W.

There's no use talking— TASTE IT!

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN Christmases have come and gone since Mackinlay's first distilled whisky. One hundred and eleven years of existence, of experience and progress are concentrated into every bottle of M.L. or V.O.B. And now, no whisky can convey your wishes more fittingly. In giving Mackinlay's you convey a whole world of greeting. That is why we say—

"There's no use talking—TASTE IT!"

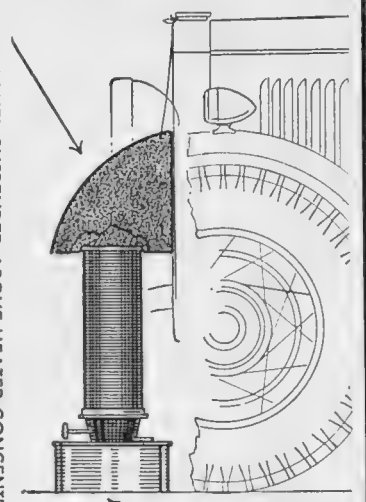
Both M.L. (which is over twelve years old) and V.O.B. are obtainable in 3, 6 or 12 bottle cases.

Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKY

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers Leith, and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1
(*Established* 1820)

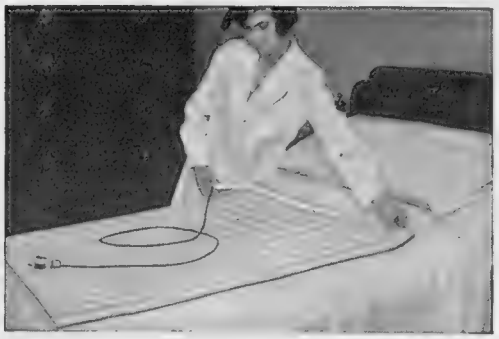
ANOTHER PROBLEM SOLVED BY *Super Aladdin* . . . A NEW CAR HEATER

Here's another problem solved . . . *the problem of starting your car on cold mornings.* Solved once and for all by the Super-Aladdin Car Heater! Never before has a heater been devised which actually *keeps* the water in your car radiator hot. Yet this is what this new, neat heater does . . . makes instant easy starting a certainty, *for one penny a night.* The Super-Aladdin Car Heater is *absolutely safe.* Easy to light. Impervious to draughts. Cannot be accidentally extinguished. Approved by most Insurance Companies. This boon is yours for **42/-** (including cover).



Please write for full particulars.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LTD., 100 ALADDIN BUILDING, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX. London Showrooms: 48 Mortimer Street, W.1



SOLVED!

If you are puzzled to know what to give for a Christmas present, here is your solution—a Thermega Electric Blanket.

During cold, damp weather nothing takes its place. Attach it to an ordinary lamp socket or wall plug—switch on an hour before retiring, and the result is a dry, thoroughly aired bed which is warm all through to body temperature, ensuring sound healthy sleep.

The Thermega Blanket is a wonderful remedy for all rheumatic complaints. Absolutely safe, current is automatically regulated by Thermostatic control, which prevents overheating. The cost? Under a farthing an hour.

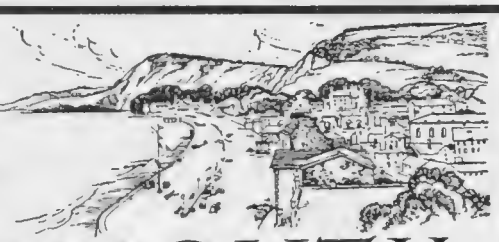
One standard size (32″ × 44″) for any voltage, **63/-**. Other sizes to order. Ask to see it, also the Thermega Heating Pad, **31/6d.**, at all leading stores, electrical concerns and chemists.

THERMEGA LIMITED,
51-53 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
Telephones: VICTORIA 7864-65-66

'Thermega'

BED WARMTH YOU SWITCH ON

The Perfect Winter Climate



SIDMOUTH

Soft sea air—no extremes of temperature.
Sheltered from the North by Devon's beautiful hills. Good Hotels and reasonable tariffs. Medicinal Baths, Golf, etc.

Write for Brochure to Dept. 14, Council Offices, Sidmouth; or to the "Come to Devon" Association, 17, Bedford Circus, Exeter, or any branch.

Southern Railway Corridor Restaurant Expresses from WATERLOO every week-day at 8.40, 11.0 a.m., 12.40, 3.0 p.m. "Winter Resort" Tkts. (any train, any day, available 1 month) from Waterloo. 1st, 64/3; 3rd, 38/6. "Holiday" Tkts. (Fris. and Sats., except by 11.0 a.m. train) and Weekend Tkts. (Fris. and Sats., any train). 1st, 46/9; 3rd, 28/-.

THERE'S A WONDERLAND CALLING YOU

Life is joyous in Bermuda, graced by old-world hospitality. Land and water sports delight the strenuous. Coral beaches lure to lazy contemplation of azure seas; flowering trees deck shady lanes; crystal caves and strange sea gardens awaken wonderment. You will love Bermuda and never forget her hearty welcome.

BERMUDA

For full particulars write, The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE Management of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, regret to announce that they can accept no more reservations for the Christmas Season as the number of applications is already far in excess of the available accommodation.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 402*)

period gives "a clue to the moral frigidity that can overtake humanity." Brooks told his story to Mr. Allen, who has written it with simple directness. I agree with Mr. Cairns when he says: "The narrator of this book" (Brooks) "seems to set up a social philosophy founded on pure selfishness." Certainly, Brooks admits the justice of some of his sentences, but complains that a prisoner can be convicted on his past. The book is a human document which presents the criminal from a new angle—his own point of view, which is unrepentant. Brooks's concluding words are: "The criminal is too often condemned as a pest of society without consideration of the extent to which modern society helps to produce him."

FRANKLY, I have been disappointed by *Afterthoughts* (Cassell: 18*s*.), by Frances Countess of Warwick. As all the world knows, a good many years ago Lady Warwick, one of the loveliest women of her time, joined the Socialists. The opening sentences of these recollections are startling. She says that "Queen Victoria was the first person to inspire me with Socialistic views," because "it struck me at once how wrong it was that any one person should be in a position to juggle with hundreds of thousands of human lives."

Pearl Freeman

MR. J. D. BERESFORD

The well-known author, who has written his first crime story. It is entitled "An Innocent Criminal"

But Queen Victoria as a Constitutional Sovereign was in no position to juggle with hundreds of thousands of lives.

LADY WARWICK has kept no diaries, and for that reason, perhaps, the latter part of her book is more interesting than the earlier chapters. She tells us that Lord French was so sure of a European upheaval that he went to France in the summer of 1914 to learn the language, and during that time she acted as interpreter at an interview between him and Clemenceau. Later Lord French showed Lady Warwick a sketch of our war plans, which he carelessly left in a book in the library at her house, Easton Lodge. He remembered the plan after his departure, and Lady Warwick destroyed it.

THE writer's entrance into Socialism naturally was not well received in the world in which she had been so brilliant and outstanding a figure. The following passage speaks for itself: "About a year after the King" [Edward] "had been on the Throne, I received a visit from Lord Esher one morning. He told me, with charming courtesy and frankness, that he thought it would be well for all concerned if my close connection with great affairs were to cease, as it was giving rise to hostile comment which distressed Queen Alexandra. Just before Lord Esher's visit she herself had written me a letter—a very kind letter—to the same effect."

"JUNIUS."

GOOD SAFE JEWELLERY (*continued from page 391*)

it went with her new beige velvet suit! Yes, at least she would wear it to-day. The next moment she had a violent shock. For the telephone began to ring. She took up the receiver with a tense hand.

"Amy!"

"George!" An icy thrill passed down Amy's spinal column. "Too late! He knows!" she told herself. But one thing which she did not lack was courage, and she showed it now. Gripping the instrument so tight that her small tinted finger-nails assumed a still more scarlet hue, she drawled: "What is it, darling? Been making money for us again?"

"No, I've been losing it for us again!"

So that was all! He did not know! A perfect deluge of relief swept over her, and she cooed:

"I m frightfully sorry, poor dear boy. You must tell me all about it to-night. Just now I'm going out to lunch!"

"You are not going out to lunch! You're to go to the bank—just as quick as you can!"

Amy leaned back as though for air.

"But, darling! What for?" Her voice was a gasp. But her husband took no notice of that; he was too intent on thoughts of his own.

"If you find any people waiting in line, get into it and wait your turn—no matter how long it is!" he cried. "And when you reach the teller's cage, draw out every dollar you possess!"

"But, George!" Again her thoughts were a whirl, and to gain time she said to him: "I've already told you, dear, that I m going out to luncheon."

"Damn your luncheon! Do as I say!" His voice had a deadly terrible ring. Did he know, or didn't he? Rapidly blinking her beautiful eyes, Amy tried to clear her mind and get some meaning out of this.

"But, George, dear, why?"

"Because I've heard the bank's in trouble—likely to close down to-day!"

"What do they want to close down for?" she wailed.

"Because they're busted! Even now a run has begun on 'em down here, but up at your branch there may still be time!"

"Time for what, dear boy?"

"Good God! Time to get your money out! Out—out—out! Before it's sunk! Now do you get what I mean?"

"Oh, darling!" She leaned back again, but this time from the impact of a lovely, dazzling thought. Her troubles vanished in thin air. She began to feel all cosy inside. And in less time than it takes to tell, she had passed from the icy terrors of only one brief minute ago to the sure and calm serenity of a wife who knows just where she stands and how to make the most of it.

"But, George," she drawled, "are you quite sure that bank is the sort of bank, you say? I've thought it rather sweet, this fall ——"

"Damnation, woman, don't waste time! I tell you they're blown up! They're doomed! Rotten to the very core!"

"But, darling!" Now her twinkling feet were moving gaily, as to jazz. "If the bank is as bad as that, wasn't it really quite a mistake of judgment—on your part, I mean —to put our money into it?"

"It was, it was—I've been an ass! But we haven't time to go into that now!"

"I really think we ought to, dear." Her voice had a hurt, reproachful sound. "For if you do many things like that, our whole future may be soon at stake."

"Your winter clothes will be at stake if you don't get that money in time!"

"All right, dear boy, but just one thing. If I do find I can save this money which you've all but pitched away, will you promise never again to be cross about my bank account?"

"I will, I will! But for God's sake go!"

She tortured him just a moment more, and then sent a soft little giggle of triumph into the vast panic down-town.

"Don't worry, darling love," she said. "I've already attended to that. I've got all my winter clothes and got all the money safe out of the bank. In fact, I'm even over-drawn. For I thought it would be just as well to put it in good safe jewellery."

As, from the other end of the wire, a wild burst of laughter came, Amy hung up. And with the air of a conqueror, and the pearls on her beige velvet breast, she went serenely off to lunch.

Men were so difficult at times.

E. P.

christmas remembrances

What better remembrance than something from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge? There is the plaited leather belt, handbag, necklace, etc., or the aspirin case and pencil

Scheaffer Pens are guaranteed against everything except partial or total loss. The single or double desk stand and the special gift set all make most attractive Christmas gifts

The sports enthusiast will appreciate this hat and scarf of tweed in various shades. These and the seat stick come from Scotts, Old Bond St.

Hat, scarf and bag—could anything be smarter? The set can be obtained from Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly. It is made of the softest cashmere

Spread the Christmas spirit by giving Buchanan's Whisky. Either their Black and White Scotch or their world-famous Liqueur Scotch

A good smoke is always approved. Players offer you a wide variety of choice both in cigarettes and tobacco. Medium Navy Cut and No. 3 Virginia are a safe selection for the most discriminating smoker. You need never be at a loss with these to fall back upon

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

personal to HER

These charming bags may be seen at Gorringe's in the Buckingham Palace Road. There are calf, plaited leather, crêpe de Chine and multi-coloured affairs

This Victorian-shaped hat suits the majority. The model above is of black felt, with a green velvet bow cunningly pushed through the crown, and comes from Henry Heath, Oxford Street

Few women can resist the lure of fur. It has such a softening and flattering effect. This tie, of sable Kolinsky, can be acquired at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard

Ava products. Eau de Cologne, Compact Perfumes and a Shaving Soap which is treated by ultra-violet rays

Dawn is the name of the Abbott silver and gold dance sandal depicted here. The lace-covered satin court shoe is new. So is the mule with elastic heel strap, and also the boudoir slipper

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

Now You Can Whiten Teeth—a Shade a Day

Remove Yellow and Stain, Prevent Decay This New Way . . . Teeth Whiten 3 Shades in 3 Days

A NEW and different way of making teeth gleaming white and keeping them sound has been discovered. It's a remarkable technique that removes the real cause of yellow stain, decay and gum diseases—whitens teeth a shade a day—3 shades in 3 days. Hence it is now foolish to have teeth that embarrass.

Just do this: Morning and night give your teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic FOAM the very moment it enters the mouth. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defy ordinary tooth paste and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently, this exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating — stimulates the gums — purifies the oral cavity—CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry - Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your Chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

LIQUID KOLYNOS The antiseptic and delightfully refreshing mouth-wash, gargle, or spray (highly concentrated.) **PRICE NOW** 1/9 per flask—at all chemists.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are wonderfully decorative and add a touch of colour to dark corners.

This special gift box contains four 14 in. "Nell Gywnn" Candles, with bases to match and costs only 5/=

Soft "Nell Gwynn" candle-light creates an atmosphere of warmth and hospitality, and the fair sex looks even lovelier.

If unobtainable locally, send remittance and we execute post free.

FIELD'S

"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. A, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

personal to him

Above: The man with a tender skin would welcome a Wilkinson razor. The blade is hollow ground and keeps a perfectly fine shaving edge

Above: An interesting group of suitable gifts for a man in solid silver from Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street and Queen Victoria Street. It includes a cigarette and cigar lighter, set of three ash trays, cigarette box, cigarette case and silver mug

Below: Swan pens are so well known that they need no description. The gift set of pen and pencil in white and black is especially suitable for an office desk

Most men who go in for sport require many sleeveless pull-overs. Austin Reed, Regent Street, have a large selection at various prices to suit the most fastidious taste

Here is something the connoisseur will like. Sanderson's Vat 69 Liqueur Scotch whisky has a distinctive, mellow flavour that will give pleasure to the recipient Its excellent quality is famous everywhere

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

VISIT MADEIRA

THE SUNNY ISLAND
Where the £ is worth 20/-

CELEBRATED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY, ITS EXQUISITE WINES AND ITS ATTRACTIVE WICKER-WORK.

THE Island is famous for its Winter Sea-bathing, and several Hotels possess their own private bathing facilities. An average of 328 fine days per annum during the last five years, with an average winter temperature of 61° F. Many fine roads leading through wonderful scenery to the most picturesque spots. All roads are paved, and consequently there is no dust. Luxurious semi-tropical vegetation.

The following Steamship Companies call regularly at Madeira, and will be pleased to supply any information.

BLUE STAR LINE (from London).
BOOTH LINE (from Liverpool).
ELDER DEMPSTER LINE (from Liverpool).
ROYAL MAIL LINE (from Southampton).
UNION-CASTLE LINE (from Southampton).
YEOWARD LINE (from Liverpool).

The respective managements of the Hotels mentioned below will also be glad to supply any information to intending visitors.

ATLANTIC. BELLA VISTA. BELMONTE. CONTINENTAL. GOLDEN GATE. MIRAMAR. MONTE PALACE. NEW ENGLISH. REID'S. SAVOY.

GIFTS SURE OF APPRECIATION

Gift Boxes, as shown, containing ½-oz. bottle of Eau de Cologne and two tablets of Eau de Cologne Soap 2/10.

CHOOSE Ava gifts and you give a present of charm. Ava Soap, fragrantly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, is treated with *ultra-violet rays* to increase its power to benefit the skin and keep it soft and clear and radiantly young. Ava Eau de Cologne is always the final accent to daintiness. Give one or the other—or both in a fascinating gift box—and you will be certain of their remembrance long after Christmas is forgotten.

FOR MEN.
EAU DE COLOGNE
HAIR FIXATIVE - 1/-
AVA LAVENDER
SHAVING SOAP - 1/-

AVA

Eau de Cologne ½-oz. 1/6. 1-oz. 2/6. 2-oz. 4/9. 4-oz. 9/-. ½-pt. wicker bottle 15/-

★
AVA PRODUCTS ARE BRITISH AND MADE IN LONDON
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

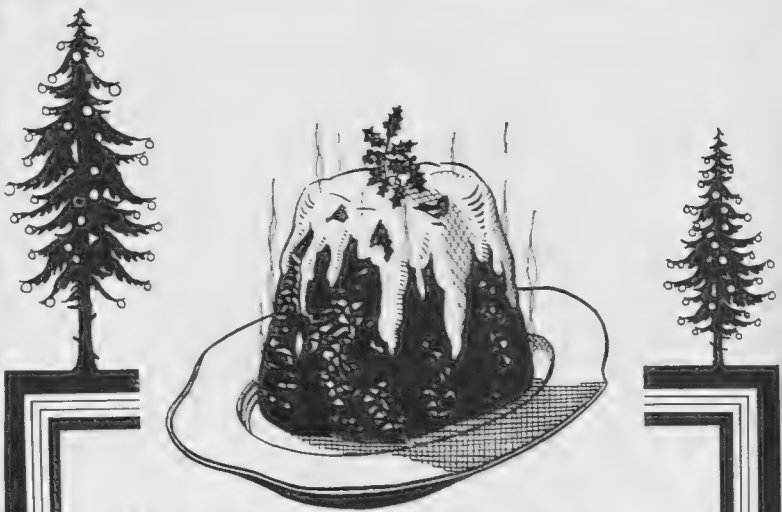
XMAS is MERRIEST HERE!

COME to the Cairn Hydro this Christmas and you'll want to stay for the New Year. Bridge, Concerts, Cinderella and Carnival dances—these are but a few items in our programme of gaiety. There are entertainments to amuse everyone: and when you add to this the comfort, the marvellous meals and the courteous service, you are indeed assured of an unforgettable holiday.

WRITE FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PROGRAMME.

THE CAIRN HYDRO
HARROGATE

The Cairn Hydropathic Co., Ltd. **Telephone: Harrogate 4005 (4 lines).**



THE SPHERE
XMAS NUMBER

As Indispensable as the PUDDING

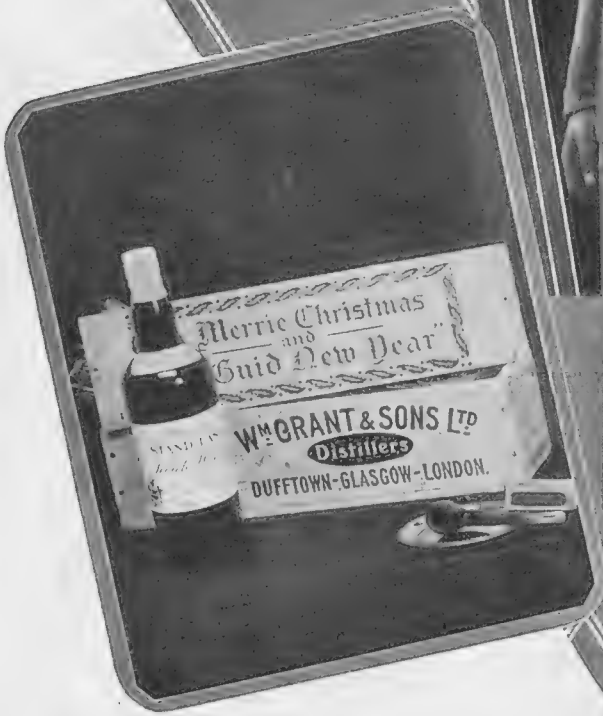
It won't be quite like Christmas unless you have The SPHERE XMAS NUMBER in your home. This year's issue is amazingly good, and a riot of colour from cover to cover. Your regular newsagent will deliver, or you can get it at any bookstall, price two shillings.

GIFTS FOR RELATIVES

A group for the writing table includes an onyx ash tray, a realistic porcupine in Vienna bronze, who holds letters among his quills, and lucky white elephant book-ends. They can be procured from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

From Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, comes the attractive travelling outfit in art shagreen. The scent bottle has a flat top to facilitate packing. Very lovely is the hand-painted bottle and the crystal glass miniature tree for the centre of the dinner table

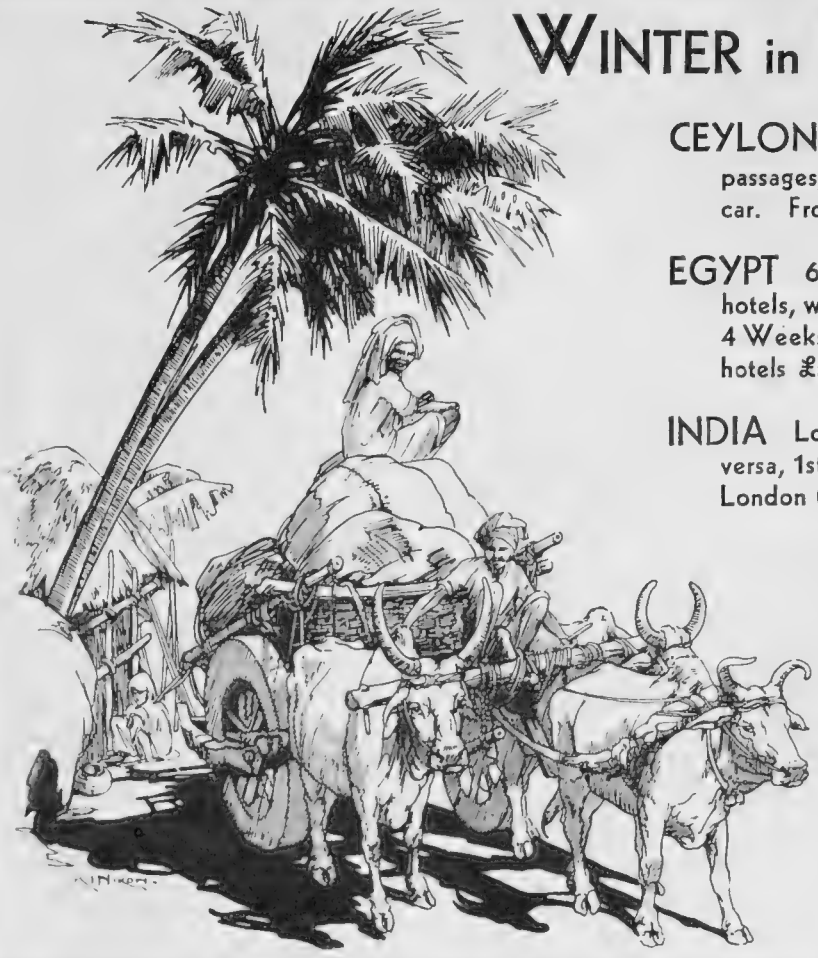
This wool jumper and matching cardigan, with discreet border in contrasting colour, comes from Burberrys, Haymarket



What would Christmas be without its good cheer? Grant's Stand Fast Scotch Whisky in its festive packing is a sight to warm the heart when included among a pile of gifts during the festive season

It must not be forgotten that relatives appreciate the ornamental as well as the useful. Richard Sands, of 187A, Sloane Street, are responsible for this interesting group of artistic and inexpensive jewellery

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*



WINTER in THE EAST by P & O

CEYLON 8 weeks' P & O Tour, including 1st Class sea passages, hotels and 11 days' tour in Ceylon with private car. From £132 10.

EGYPT 6 weeks' P & O Tour: sea passages, rail and hotels, with 18 days in Egypt, from £66.
4 Weeks' Christmas Tour, 1st Class sea passages, rail and hotels £55.

INDIA London-Bombay, returning from Ceylon or vice versa, 1st Class £105; 2nd Class £75.
London (Dec. 24)-Bombay Tourist-Class return ticket £50

AUSTRALIA; the FAR EAST, etc.
Round voyage one-ship reduced 1st Class return tickets London to Australia or Japan £150; Straits or China £140.

For descriptive prints and all information apply:

P & O TOURS

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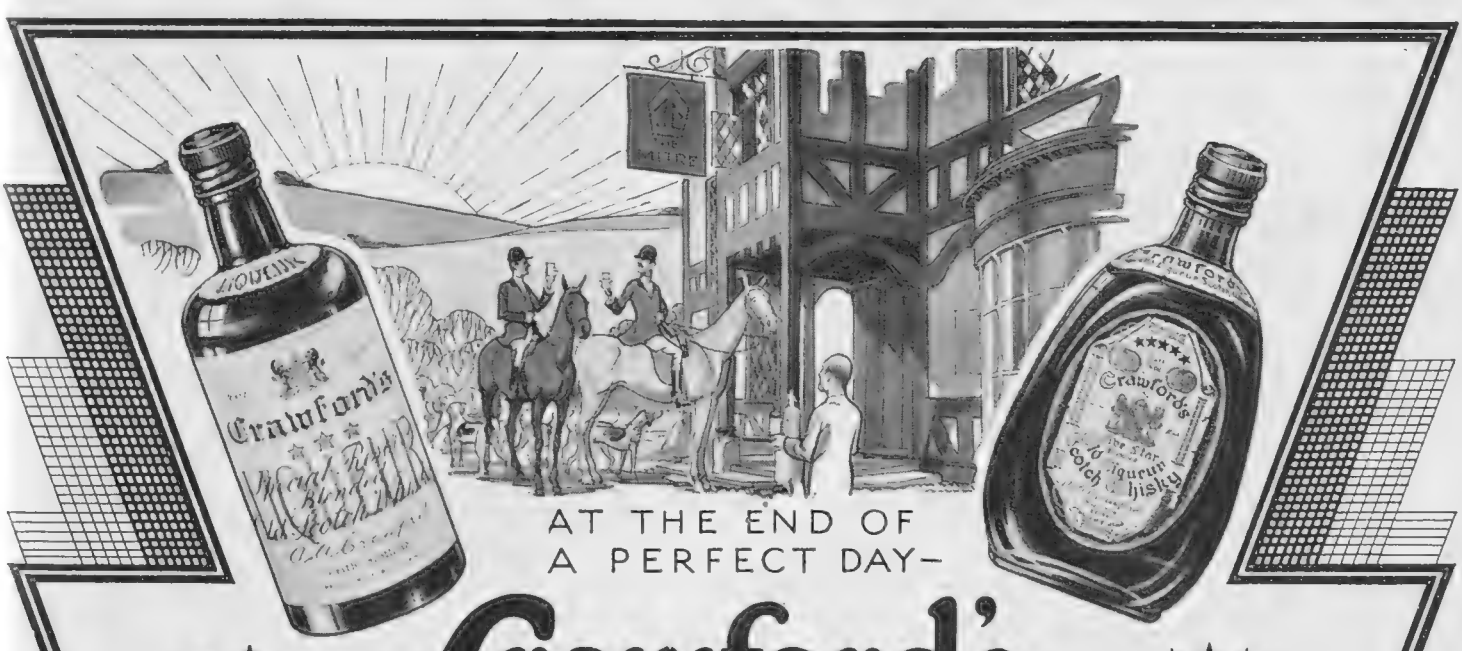

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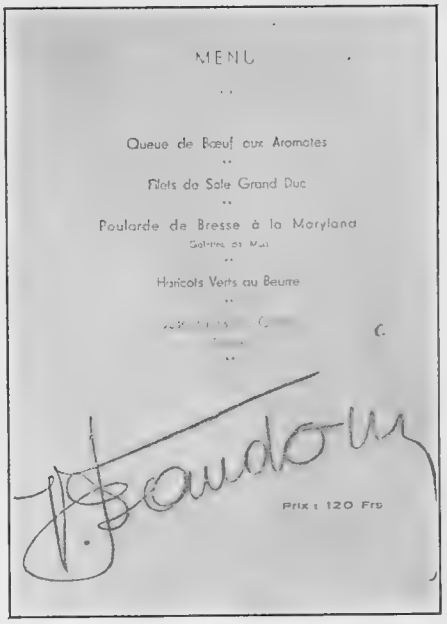
Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Salade de Flamande)

CUT up any dried fish or herrings into slices, put them into a shallow dish with tomato, lettuce, cold boiled carrots, and a very little chopped onion. All the vegetables should be cut very small. Pour a mayonnaise sauce over this and serve.

Sole à la Lyonnaise

FILLET a good-sized sole, and tie each fillet into a knot, butter a fireproof dish and put the fillets into it, with some small pieces of butter; cover them with buttered paper. Cook from ten to fifteen minutes until the fish is done. Place the trimmings in a stewpan with one small sliced carrot, half a stick of celery (also sliced), one clove, a bunch of herbs, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and enough stock or water to cover them. Bring to the boil and then simmer them for one hour. Strain off the liquor. Cut one small onion into thin slices and fry it in butter until a golden brown, mix gradually into it half an ounce of flour, and then add half a pint of the liquor, stir until the sauce thickens, add a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and the moisture from the fillets. Pour the sauce over and serve very hot.



The menu of a gala dinner held at the Palais de la Mediterranée, Nice. It has been signed by the Maître d'hotel, M. V. Baudoni

Faisan à la Crème

PLACE the pheasant in a flat pan with 2 ozs. of butter and roast in the oven for twenty minutes. Then put the pheasant in a dish to keep hot. Pour off the butter from the pan and put in three finely cut shallots, twelve crushed peppercorns, and half a gill of vinegar. Let this reduce until the pan is almost dry. Then put in one pint of cream and stir very well, letting it boil for four minutes. Strain over the pheasant, season to taste, and let it stand in a warm place for three minutes and serve very hot.

Soufflé d'Oranges

TAKE as many oranges as required, wipe them, and rasp off all the rind on ½ lb. lump sugar. Pound this and mix with it one well-beaten white of an egg to each 2oz. sugar. Mix until like icing. Divide the oranges into quarters, dip them in sherry, then in castor sugar. Pile them high in the centre of the dish, then pour the icing over the pile. Decorate with cherries, and put a few ratafia biscuits round.

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Illustrated on this page is one of the excellent "Fyrays" coal effect oil heaters, which are such a boon to every household during the cold winter months. These heaters can be moved from room to room with the greatest ease, and give a luxuriant heat in a few moments, and they are not only fumeless but most economical in fuel consumption. British from top to bottom—including the glass that gives so pleasant and cheering a glow, "Fyrays" oil heaters cost but 59s., and are made by Rippingilles, Albion Lamp Co., Ltd., Aston Road, North Birmingham, who will be pleased to send particulars to all those who write to the above address for List "A."

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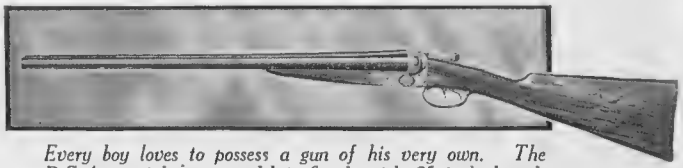

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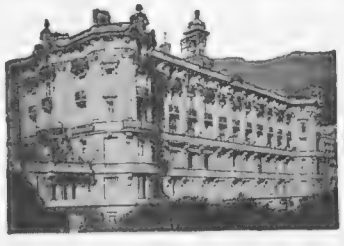

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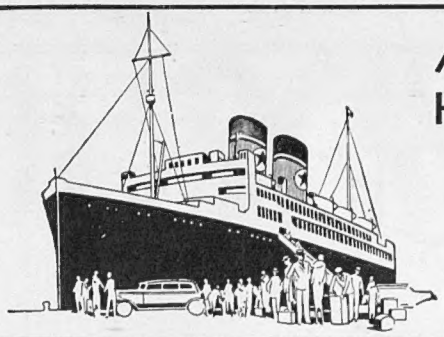

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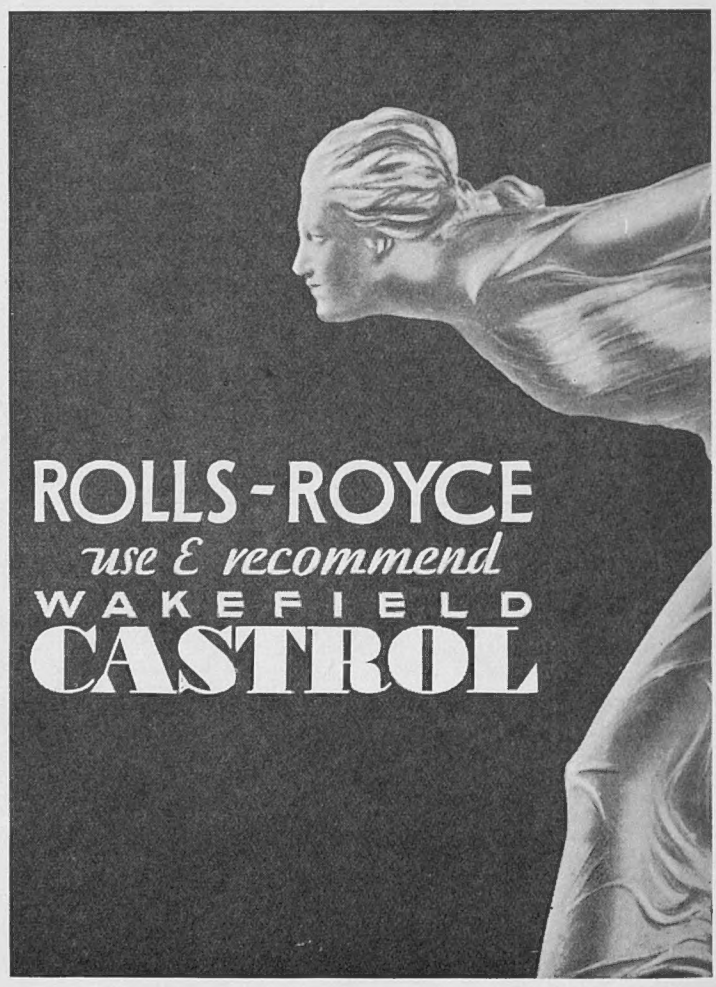

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